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5 Cents.

PLUCK AND LUCK

THE ICE BREAKER BOYS OR CUTTING THEIR WAY TO THE POLE AND OTHER STORIES

By Capt Thos. H. Wilson



The foolish boast was scarcely made when Dan's feet suddenly slipped from under him, and the unfortunate fellow disappeared into the crevasse. "Help. Drake. or I'm a goner!" yelled Dan.

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PLUCK AND LUCK

Stories of Adventure

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NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1913.

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The Ice Breaker Boys

—OR—

CUTTING THEIR WAY TO THE POLE

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

DRAKE DENTON'S UNCLE GEORGE.

Certainly there were no finer offices anywhere in the City of New York than those in the big Broad street skyscraper belonging to Mr. G. J. Goulding, the railroad king and multimillionaire.

They were fitted up according to the latest style of the art of furnishing and at great expense, and yet Mr. Goulding bore the reputation of being as mean as he was rich, and it was only recently that he had been forced into this sort of extravagance by the constant talk of his business friends about the dreary old den he had occupied for so many years.

On the day Mr. G. J. Goulding first took possession of his new offices he felt like a cat in a strange garret, and when his bookkeeper—he kept but one clerk whom he worked almost to death for very small pay—went out to lunch he threw down his pen and swung around in his new oak chair, muttering:

"Plague take all this style! I'm not used to it. I wish I was back in the old office again. That was good enough for me!"

"So it was, George; so it was! That's where you made all your money, and that's where you ought to have stayed!" spoke a voice right behind him which made the big speculator spring half out of his chair.

He knew the voice. He also knew the trampish-looking fellow who had slipped into the office unobserved.

"Hen Hooks, by all that's bad! What ill wind blew you in here?" exclaimed the millionaire, his face paling slightly as he looked at the man.

"You know, George; you know," was the surly reply. "I want money—that's all."

"Don't you get it regularly? Have I ever kept it from you? What good does it do you? You blow it all in or drink it all up, or—hush! Slide into the other office, Hen! Some one may come in. I'll talk to you later on."

The tramp obeyed, and partially closed the dividing door between the two offices just in time to avoid being seen by a good-looking young fellow of some eighteen years, almost as shabby in the matter of dress as himself, who walked in at the other door.

Strange that Mr. Goulding should have known that he was coming, since he had not seen the boy in many years, but some instinct seemed to tell him that the step in the hall was meant for him.

Not that he recognized the boy; he had no idea who he was or what his business might be until he received an answer to his own rough demand of:

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?"

"My name is Drake Denton," replied the boy, removing his shabby hat. "I—I called to—that is to say—"

"That is to say that you are my nephew, and you called to ask me for money," broke in the millionaire, rudely. "Don't ask it, for my answer will be no."

The boy turned fiery red.

"It's just as I supposed, Uncle George," he said, speaking boldly enough now. "You are my mother's brother, all right, though, even if I am as poor as you are rich. You can't alter that. I'm sorry I disturbed you. It was a last throw with me; you can be very sure I will never trouble you again."

Perhaps there was something about this spirited reply which touched the miserly old man.

"Hold on a minute, Drake," he said. "Your mother—does she still live?"

"No, sir; mother died two months ago, otherwise I should not have left Reddington and come to New York."

"Just so. You're alone in the world now. Your father died some years ago, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"So I understood. I see the resemblance. Yes, you are certainly Drake Denton's son. What do you expect to do in New York?"

"Anything that I can find to do, sir. I have been looking for something to do for two weeks. I find it impossible to get work of any kind, and—"

"And so you came here. Yes, times are very dull—very dull indeed. I suppose you would like to have me employ you in this office, but I have all the help I want—all I want. Still, I can't see my sister's child suffer. There is a trifle of money for you, Drake. Don't waste it. Money don't grow on bushes, even in New York, and don't come after more, for I have heavy payments to make and am very short myself."

Thus saying, Mr. J. G. Goulding, whose hands had been down into the depths of his trousers pocket, drew it out and extended toward his sister's son a coin.

It was not a twenty-dollar goldpiece.

Oh, no, not that!

Nor yet was it a ten—nor was it a five—nor was it even a silver dollar, but a humble quarter, and a plugged one at that; one which the railroad king had carried in his pocket for a month and found it hard to spend.

At first Drake Denton drew back; then he reached out his hand and took the coin.

"That for your charity, Uncle George!" he cried, flinging the plugged quarter at the millionaire's head. "Don't you worry about me—I shall never come here again!"

These words were spoken in a clear, ringing voice, which certainly displayed the depths of the young man's feeling.

Passing out of the door, then, Drake Denton slammed it after him; the very noise it made displayed the temper the boy felt.

Mr. Goulding stooped and picked up the quarter.

As he put it into his pocket he turned his head and saw his friend Hooks laughing at him through the inner door.

"The boy has got all the spunk of his father, hasn't he, George?" he exclaimed.

"Follow him, Hen!" hissed the millionaire. "Follow him! Do what I asked you to do once before, and there's ten thousand dollars ready for you any time you can bring me the proof!"

"All right, I'll go you!" growled the tramp, and he shuffled out of the office.

Drake Denton had something to think about.

So had Mr. Hen Hooks.

The boy from the old farm at Reddington little guessed that the rich uncle who could spare him no more than a quarter to help him from starving could spare \$10,000 to make sure that he was dead.

Wholly oblivious to all this, or the fact that he was being followed, Drake Denton walked down Broad street filled with a desperate resolve.

He had made up his mind to it that morning; and, indeed, he had to make up his mind to something, for it was now two days since he had tasted food.

"I'll try Uncle George, and if that fails I'll ship," was what he said to himself.

This was his determination when he went into the millionaire's office.

The first part of it had failed, and now he was ready to try the second.

But it was no easy matter for an American boy to ship in New York in those days unless he was willing to go into some sailors' boarding-house and be delivered on board whatever vessel the crimp wanted to put him on as drunk as the rest of the crew.

Drake Denton did not drink, consequently he did not relish any such idea, nor did he intend to do it that way.

Down on the pier at the foot of Broad street among the brick boats he had seen a sign that morning which he meant to look into further now.

"Young men wanted for a long voyage. Apply on board."

This was the sign. It was attached to the rigging of a small steamer, and Drake leaped right over on the deck.

"Well," demanded a sailor, stepping up, "what do you want, my boy?"

"Want to ship, sir," replied Drake.

"Just so. Dozens are in the same boat, but it isn't everybody we will take. You have got to answer certain questions first."

"Put them, sir. I'll answer them the best I can."

"Got any money?"

"No, sir."

"Got any home?"

"No, sir."

"Got any friends?"

"No, sir."

"Got anything the matter with you that is liable to make you turn sick on our hands?"

"No, sir."

"Got any objection to going into the Arctic Ocean?"

"No, sir. I should like that first-rate."

"All right. You seem to fill the bill. Step downstairs and talk with the professor. I shouldn't wonder if he would take you. We've got to have a few more."

Thus saying, the sailor pointed to the cabin, and down into it Drake Denton went.

He was gone the best part of an hour.

When he came out again the boy's face wore a pleased and, at the same time, a puzzled air.

He was engaged. He had shipped and was to leave New York that night.

At the same time he had no idea whatever where he was going or when he might be expected to return.

"Fixed it, eh?" said the sailor, as Drake came out.

"Yes," replied the boy. "It's all arranged."

"Good!" said the sailor. "There's another tramp who wants to go along, too, but I'm afraid he's a bit too old."

He pointed to a shabby-looking man who stood looking over the stern rail.

Drake merely glanced at him.

Of course, he did not know the man.

It would have been different with Mr. George J. Goulding, however, if he could have seen the fellow.

The railroad king would instantly have recognized Mr. Hen Hooks working away for his reward.

CHAPTER II.

OFF ON THE CAMEL.

The little steamer which sailed from the foot of Broad street at midnight was called the "Camel," and when she dropped out into the stream and struck up under the Brooklyn Bridge, Drake Denton was aboard.

So were twenty other boys of about his own age, and a sturdier, more manly looking lot it would have been difficult to find.

Yet there was not one regular seaman among them except Captain Jellison, the sailor who had first spoken to Drake and the crew of the Camel, which, be it understood, had nothing to do with these boys.

But the boys had no chance to size each other up that night.

When Drake came aboard he was shown down below and told to turn into a particularly broad bunk in which lay, sound asleep, a good-looking boy of about his own age.

"You have nothing to do with working this steamer, lad," said the sailor who received him when he came on board at nine o'clock. "You can sleep till you're called, and I don't know just when that will be."

It turned out to be seven o'clock next morning.

The Camel was now far up Long Island Sound, ploughing through the water in a slow and easy fashion quite in keeping with the beautiful April morning just dawning over the Sound.

"Come, come! Tumble up! Tumble up, you monkeys!" shouted Captain Jellison, coming down into the fo'castle.

Drake was one of the first to spring out of his bunk, consequently he was one of the first on deck, and as he happened to be a pretty tall young fellow, he found himself standing at the head of the line when the boys were all ranged in a row, while the next boy to him was his bed-fellow in the bunk.

"Say, my name is Drake Denton; what's yours?" asked Drake, in a whisper, for he was always a great fellow to get acquainted whenever there was a chance.

"Harry Horner," replied the boy. "Where are we going, do you know?"

"Up into the Arctic, I was told."

"I know. The old professor told you that, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you any more? Do you know whereabouts in the Arctic we are going, and what we are going there for?"

"No; he didn't say a word about that."

"It seems to be a kind of a mystery."

"That's what it does. I've asked one or two of the fellows, but none of them seem to know."

Just then up from the cabin there appeared a tall, elegantly dressed gentleman, with a tawny beard and hair hanging down long over his shoulders.

He wore a big felt hat tilted sideways on his head, and as he was a man of large frame, he presented a striking picture as he walked up and down in front of the line of boys, glancing from face to face.

This was the gentleman who had received each of the boys in the cabin when they came aboard.

"Now then, boys, you are all fairly under way!" he exclaimed at last, standing back, folding his arms and surveying his crew; "probably you would all like to know where we are bound, who I am and all about this affair."

"That's what we would, sir," replied half a dozen voices.

"Not that we are kicking," called out one of the boys down the line, "but we do want to know."

"Exactly," replied the gentleman. "I should not have any respect for you if you did not want to know. What is more, I propose to tell you, for soon we will pass out of the Sound, and when we do there will be no chance to retreat. As it is now, any of you who want to leave the Camel will be put ashore at New London; but once we pass that port I shall expect every boy to see me clear through this undertaking. You all understand?"

Cries of "Yes, sir! We understand you, sir!" went up and down the line.

"Now then, boys," continued the gentleman, "my name is Professor Phineas Phinney. I am a scientist, if so I may be allowed to term myself, and a gentleman of leisure and means. I propose to go to the North Pole! Mark what I say. I don't propose to go in search of the pole, but I propose to go there! I don't propose to spend weeks and months and years about it, either. This is May 10th. By August 1st, at the outside, I propose to be at the pole! Wages, \$20 per month; grub, all you can eat; terms of contract, good service till we return. No nonsense, no mutiny, no—but that's enough. I've engaged you boys instead of a regular crew for the reason that I want no sick men, no drunken men, no discontented men nor kickers of any kind on my hands. As for how I propose to get to the pole, that's my business. Those who are willing to follow me on these conditions are welcome to do so. All those who don't can step forward and they will be put ashore."

Not one stepped forward.

There was something about the earnestness of the man which won the hearts of all the boys.

"What, none! You are all willing to risk your lives with me?" cried the professor. "This is better than I expected. Well, boys, you will never regret it. With the Arctic summer coming on there is no danger whatever. If I succeed in penetrating to the pole we shall all be heroes. If I fail, the experience will be worth all the trouble it costs. One thing more, however; you must all swear secrecy, and not a word must be said to these sailors on board here. After our landing every boy is to be blindfolded. You must not know where you are going or from what place we start. I have patents to secure, and I don't propose to take any risk. Is all that understood?"

Every one said it was, and every one seemed to mean it. The only one who did not speak was an elderly man dressed in a new suit of overalls, who stood a little to one side.

Harry Horner told Drake Denton that this was the cook, and he added, jokingly, that he was the only man in the crew who wasn't a boy.

The days came and went, and still the Camel steamed on.

Drake knew that they were running far to the north, but as neither Professor Phinney nor Captain Jellison offered any information, none of the boys like to question them, so matters remained unexplained until at last there came a night when the Camel ran head on into a big storm.

This was just at dusk, and it seemed to disturb Professor Phinney and Captain Jellison greatly.

The latter came into the messroom at seven o'clock, where the boys were all eating supper and having a jolly time.

"To your bunks, every one of you!" cried the captain. "The boy who is found out of his bunk inside of ten minutes will never see the North Pole!"

He had scarcely spoken when the steamer, which had been rolling terribly, gave a fearful lurch which swept the dishes from the table, sent one set of boys on their backs and another on their faces, throwing everything all in a minute into a state of general smash.



CHAPTER III.

THE START OF THE ICE BREAKER.

"Get up here! Get up! Are you hurt?" Stand on your feet!"

"Thank you, Mr. Hooks, but you needn't pull me around so," gasped Drake Denton, who had struck his head a savage blow against the table when he fell. "Let go of me, man! You hurt!"

Mr. Hooks, the middle-aged man who had been engaged as cook for the expedition, had hold of Drake, and he was hustling him about this way and that, when suddenly the boy felt a sharp pinch in his side right over the heart.

"That's all right. I was only trying to help you," said Hooks. "If you don't want me to do it I won't."

He pulled away and retreated to his own bunk, growling as he usually did. Drake thought nothing of the incident until he came to undress, when he discovered that he had been slightly cut directly over the heart.

What did it mean?

Had Hooks tried to kill him?

Certainly it looked that way, for who else could have done it? Still there was the fall against the table, too.

Deeply puzzled, but firmly resolved to keep his own counsel and watch the fellow, Drake said nothing about the matter to Harry Horner, but tumbling into his bunk, went to sleep and slept soundly until morning, in spite of the storm.

When he woke up the Camel had ceased to roll, and seemed to be lying at anchor somewhere.

"All hands on deck!" shouted Captain Jellison a moment later. "Tumble up now, boys, and bring your kits with you. All hands are going ashore!"

When Drake and Harry got on deck most of the other boys were gathered there.

They were at anchor in a deep cove surrounded on three sides by low hills covered with spruce and cedar. The spot was utterly desolate. There was not a sign of a house anywhere. But on the beach stood three large wagons, to each of which two stout horses were hitched.

Captain Jellison and Professor Phinney were talking together near the rail, and after a moment the boats were lowered and the boys pulled ashore, where they discovered that the drivers of the wagons were all Indians who could not

speak a word of English. They were great, coarse fellows, with faces which looked decidedly fierce.

Professor Phinney now made a little speech.

Every boy was to be blindfolded, and every boy was blindfolded forthwith, including Mr. Hooks, the cook, who was to ride in the same wagon with Drake.

Meanwhile, the boats were pulled back to the Camel, and before it came his turn to be blindfolded, Drake saw the little steamer turn and move off out of the cove.

As each boy was blindfolded he was helped into one of the wagons.

When all was ready the Indians shouted and a start was made along the shore.

"You can make as much noise as you want to, boys," called out Professor Phinney, who had taken his place in the foremost wagon, "but don't attempt to remove the bandages; if any boy does that he will be pretty roughly handled. About that there need be no mistake."

So the boys began singing and shouting as the wagons rattled along over the rough, stony road.

The ride lasted for the best part of an hour, and there were so many turns made that Drake, for his part, had not the faintest idea in which direction they had gone.

At last the wagons seemed to turn in through a gateway and there stopped, and the professor's voice was heard calling that every boy could take off his bandage if he wished.

Perhaps putting it this way was intended as something of a joke, for of course there was no boy among them who was not ready to snatch his bandage away.

Drake looked around eagerly, full of curiosity, of course.

They were in a large inclosure. On three sides rose a high fence made of cedar trunks over which no one could possibly look, while on the fourth in front of them was the water, and there, up against a rude wharf, lay what looked to Drake to be a big ferryboat fast in the ice, for here the season seemed to be decidedly backward, and when we mentioned "water" we really meant ice, for this extended for quite a distance seaward, and beyond the waves could be seen breaking over the edge.

"There you are, boys!" cried Professor Phinney; "that's my ice cutter! Her name is the Success, and in her we are going straight to the North Pole!"

Of course, the greatest excitement prevailed among the boys. The air of mystery which surrounded the whole affair only seemed to make it more interesting. Here they were away up north somewhere, but where they had no idea.

The reason of this was to a certain extent apparent. In the back part of the shipyard there was a sizable machine shop filled with everything necessary to build the big boat, while all over the ground was strewn timber and various other valuable things, but there was no one present but the Indians and themselves.

Evidently it was no part of Professor Phinney's plan that his sailors and his workmen should meet.

Of course, the boys could not grasp the details of the boat at one glance.

It was about one hundred feet in length by fifty in width, and seemed to be provided with two engines, for there were four smokestacks. Up on the upper deck were two pilot-houses and a number of staterooms opening directly on the deck. The sides above the water-line were constructed of iron plates which rose to the upper deck, but the main deck was provided with doors and windows forward and aft, while below, partly embedded in the ice, Drake could see three of the biggest propellers he ever laid eyes on.

All these details were taken in hastily as the boys went aboard.

Passing through two heavy doors, which stood open to receive them, they found themselves in a spacious cabin very neatly and comfortably arranged, where they were introduced to a large, bluff Englishman and another man as Mr. Cole, the engineer, and Joe Jex, the fireman.

"And here is our crew! Everything needed shall be provided for you!" cried Professor Phinney. "We are all ready at last, and nothing remains but to make a start after we have assigned each one to his special place. Mr. Jellison is captain and supreme in command; our friend, the engineer here, you already know. Mr. Hooks is to be steward and cook combined. Jack Neeley, Bill Townsend and Fred Spence are to be waiters and in charge of the dining-room.

"Drake Denton and Harry Horner are lookout boys and assistants to the pilot"; and so Professor Phinney went on assigning each boy to his place.

Not a word about the boat, however. Not a syllable explaining who built her, how the materials of her construc-

tion were brought to this lonely spot, or how it was expected she would stand any better show than any other boat in reaching the North Pole.

While listening to all this, Drake Denton felt strange sensations creeping over him.

It seemed as if the slight wound in his breast was swelling bigger and bigger, and yet when he pressed his hand upon it he could not perceive any swelling at all.

He did not like to accuse Mr. Hooks, even in his own mind, of having inflicted the wound, for he felt that he might have got it when the Camel lurched and they all fell over against the table; it was hard to tell. But one thing was certain, Drake felt himself feeling very strangely as the professor continued to talk.

He managed to brace up, however, and said nothing about it, not even to Harry Horner, who, by this time, had become his particular chum.

"All hands forward to see the start!" exclaimed Professor Phinney, when at length he finished his speech, and he led the way out through the doors to the main deck, which corresponded with the deck of an ordinary ferryboat.

Here the boys all took up their stations, with the professor at the head of the line and Hooks, the steward, at the foot.

Captain Jellison was in the pilot-house and Mr. Cole and Joe Jex in the engine-room.

"At last!" cried Professor Phinney, taking off his big hat and shaking his long, tawny hair to the breeze. "Mr. Jellison, let her go!"

A bell sounded.

The Success began to tremble.

How was she to go through this ice which lay all around her locking her hard and fast in the cove?

Suddenly a most tremendous grinding and crunching was heard, and the ice began to rise up in great masses directly in front of the boat, which at the same time glided on out of the cove just as though there had been no ice there.

"Hooray! Hooray!" shouted Professor Phinney.

"Hooray! Three cheers for the Success!" yelled the boys.

And while they were cheering and the ice breaker moving forward, Drake Denton, without a word of warning, suddenly threw up his hands and leaped overboard in among the tumbling mass of ice.

"He's gone mad!"

"He's committed suicide!"

"He's lost, anyway!"

These and a dozen other cries rang out among the boys as the ice breaker went crunching and grinding on.

CHAPTER IV.

THE START FOR THE NORTH POLE.

"Man overboard! Man overboard!" This was the cry which went up from the ice breaker, throwing every one into the highest state of excitement.

Harry Horner had tried to catch hold of Drake Denton as he took the fatal leap, but failed.

Down under the boat among that terrible ice-crushing machinery, whatever its nature was, and the broken masses of the ice, what hope could there be for the boy to survive?

Apparently none, yet every effort must be made to do it, and this was done all the more willingly for the reason that every one liked Drake.

"Back her!" bawled Professor Phinney. "Quick, Captain Jellison! Give Mr. Cole the bell!"

The bell tinkled and the Success began to move back into the cove.

The boys crowded to the edges of the deck.

Every one showed the most intense interest except Steward Hooks, who leaned indifferently against the rail and did not seem to care whether Drake was saved or not, which fact was remembered afterward, although no attention was paid to it at the time.

Then a very strange thing occurred.

As the big boat backed away there was Drake sitting on an ice cake peering in under the bows, watching her movements as calmly as you please.

"Drake! Drake!" shouted Harry and half a dozen others of the boys.

But Drake did not look up nor pay the slightest attention to their cries.

"That boy is mad!" cried Professor Phinney. "This is bad luck at the start. It means trouble ahead. Stop her, Mr.

Jellison! We must get him on board somehow or other! He doesn't know what he is about!"

"I'll go down on the ice. Throw me a rope, fellows!" cried Harry. "He'll listen to me."

Thus saying, Harry jumped boldly down upon the ice cakes, and, making his way from one to the other, came up to Drake, who did not seem to be aware of his presence even when he spoke.

"Drake! Wake up! What's the matter with you?" cried Harry, shaking him by the shoulder.

"Matter! Nothing is the matter," muttered Drake. "I'm watching the wheels go around—that's all!"

Under the ice breaker on this end, the same as on the other, were three huge propellers arranged in a peculiar way, sunk low down in the water.

These propellers were actually the secret of her power as an ice breaker.

By agitating the water beneath the ice they broke the sheet into a thousand pieces.

The Success was a double-ender, and was always run backward, so to speak.

Its power as an ice breaker was simply immense.

To-day similar boats are in use on the upper lakes, where they perform excellent service in the winter.

At the time of which we write, however, the model was quite unknown, and there can be little doubt that Professor Phineas Phinney was the father of this plan of constructing a boat to force its way through frozen seas.

Not a word of answer did Drake make to Harry when he thus took hold of him. He did not even look around. He acted altogether like a boy who was in a trance—asleep with his eyes open—entirely out of his wits.

"Here comes the rope, Harry!" shouted Bill Townsend.

"Make it fast under his arms!" cried Professor Phinney. "We can pull him aboard!"

This was done. Harry adjusted the rope with great care.

Drake laughed in a silly way, and asked him what he was about.

"Haul in!" shouted Harry. "Careful, now!"

There were plenty of willing hands to help at the rope, and the boy was lifted safely aboard.

He laughed and chattered like a baby.

The rope was thrown out again and Harry was lifted aboard.

Then they took Drake to the bunk on the forward deck which had been assigned to him. Harry and Bill Townsend helped him to undress, and when he lay down he immediately sank off into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, the Success moved on out of the cove, for, of course, this mishap could not be allowed to interfere with the progress of the voyage.

The way the queer craft cut a path for itself through the ice-field was most interesting.

The ice rose in front of the breaker in great masses, and was tossed right and left, leaving a broad, open channel for the boat to pass through.

In a short time she was clear of the cove and steaming northward away from the unknown shore.

"Immense!" cried Harry Horner, who was on deck at the time the Success finally left the ice. "If she works like this up in the Arctic I don't see anything to hinder her from cutting her way straight to the pole."

This seemed to be Professor Phinney's sentiment also. He was wild with enthusiasm, but this did not interfere with his work at all, for he kept hard at it, arranging everything, moving about with a cheerful smile on his face and a pleasant word for all.

Each boy was assigned to his duty, and before the Success had been out an hour everything was moving like clockwork.

It was not until just before dinner that the professor found time to think of Drake Denton again, and when he went to his bunk he found the boy still sleeping, with Harry Horner on the watch, for the orders had been that some one should remain with him until he awoke.

This did not happen until nearly midnight, when Drake suddenly opened his eyes.

The professor was bending over him, and Harry and Bill Townsend were there, too.

The awakening was as strange as any part of the affair, for as soon as it occurred Drake was himself again. He came back to life with absolutely no recollection of what had occurred.

"Are you subject to such spells as these?" asked Professor Phinney, after Harry had explained what had occurred.

"Never has such a thing happened to me before in my life," replied Drake, who was immensely disturbed by it all. He forgot all about the slight wound on his breast, which was now rapidly healing.

Perhaps if he had mentioned it Professor Phinney might have altered his views about the matter, for, as it was, he evidently had the idea that Drake had been drinking, and he made a remark to that effect, but hurt the boy's feelings a good deal.

But whatever the true explanation of Drake Denton's sudden attack was, there came no return of it, and for the next ten days everything went on with the most perfect regularity on board the *Success*.

Meanwhile, good progress was being made, for although big and clumsy in her model, the *Success* had been provided with powerful engines, and developed considerable speed.

The crew, picked out with such care, proved to be all Professor Phinney had Captain Jellison had expected of them.

They worked well, and a brighter set of boys it would have been difficult to find.

The first two days' run was out of sight of land, after which the *Success* passed through a narrow strait, which Drake and Harry figured out to be the Straits of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador, which made them feel that the point from which they had started was probably the Island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.

Once through the straits the *Success* was run out of sight of land again, and so remained for two days and three nights, when Captain Jellison announced that next day they might expect to see the coast of Greenland, which they did, and for three days more they ran along in plain sight of the great glaciers, coming to anchor finally at Christianhaab, Disco Bay.

They were now fairly on their way to the North Pole.

CHAPTER V.

THE BERG IN THE STORM.

"Well, Drake, how do you feel this morning?" inquired Harry Horner, meeting Drake on deck early on the morning following their departure from Disco Bay.

"I'm all right. Always am all right," replied Drake. "Do you know, Hal, I wish the fellows would stop asking me that question. I feel thoroughly ashamed of that little slip of mine."

"As though you could help it. It wasn't your fault at all."

"It was the queerest thing yet, and I don't understand it; but say, don't let's talk any more about it. What do the fellows think of the steward now?"

"Just what you think of him. There is only one opinion, and the way he jumped on poor Fred Spence at the dinner-table last night only makes us feel the stronger. He's the ugliest fellow I ever trained under in all my life, and that's saying a good deal."

"That's what he is; I quite agree with you, and——"

"Ready with the lead!" shouted Captain Jellison, who was about to take soundings, something which he did every morning at about this time.

Professor Phinney had taken the wheel himself, and it was the duty of Drake and Harry to assist in heaving the lead, so there was no further discussion of the unpopularity of Mr. Hooks just then, nor did the question come up again for several days.

Meanwhile, the *Success* went ploughing on up Baffin's Bay until at last they entered Smith's Sound.

They could now reasonably expect to strike the field ice at any time; indeed, Professor Phinney declared that night that it seemed very strange to him that they had not struck it before.

"If we can cut our way through Smith's Sound and pass Cape Bellat, I look for quick success," he declared to the boys, addressing them over the supper-table according to his usual custom. "I don't anticipate the least trouble in doing it, either. It is now the second week in May, and the ice is beginning to get rotten; each day will help us, and this spell of mild weather which we have had on ever since we struck the Arctic Ocean has already helped us a great deal. The strange point is that so far we have seen no field or pack ice and very few icebergs, but our time will surely come. I look to have a chance to try the powers of the ice breaker within twenty-four hours. It is impossible that we can proceed much farther up the Sound without having a chance to see the pack."

It was Drake Denton's watch on deck that night.

His beat was between the two wheel-houses, and his particular business to wait on Captain Jellison, who had proved himself a thorough seaman, and up to his business in every particular, thereby winning the unbounded respect of all the boys.

Along about eleven o'clock, while pacing the deck under the glittering Arctic stars which had just begun to appear, Drake made a discovery which might have passed another boy, and especially one from the country, who had never lived by the sea, entirely unnoticed.

It was the wild geese.

For several days immense flocks of the birds had been flying northward, filling the air with their wild squawkings.

Their course had all been in one direction, whereas now they suddenly began acting in a most peculiar way, flying round and round in a circle, and making the air fairly ring with their wild, discordant cries.

"What's the matter with the geese, I wonder?" thought Drake. "I'll bet there's going to be a big storm!"

Just then Captain Jellison opened his window and gazed earnestly at the squawking birds.

"See them, Drake?" he called out.

"Certainly I do, sir," replied Drake. "Storm coming, isn't it?"

"Just put your head in here through the window and take a look at my barometer, and you will soon see!" returned the captain. "It's dropped out of sight."

Drake obeyed. The barometer indeed showed a remarkable change.

"It's coming," continued Captain Jellison. "It's coming from the north, and the geese know it. They can't fly against the wind and snow, and they don't know what to do."

"Have you informed Professor Phinney?" asked Drake.

"Certainly. There's a speaking-tube leading to his state-room from each wheel-house. Oh, yes, he is informed. He takes everything cool, you know. Fine man that, Drake. If he succeeds in cutting his way to the North Pole it is going to be the making of us all."

"It's getting colder," said Drake after a little. "It seems queer not to strike any real cold weather up here in the Arctic, but so far it has been as mild as spring."

"By thunder, this must mean ice at last!" exclaimed Captain Jellison, consulting his thermometer. "The temperature is chasing right down after the barometer. I must give the professor another call. I'd rather he would be on hand."

Captain Jellison pressed an electric button which sounded a bell close to the professor's ear, and then called through the tube, telling what had occurred.

"He'll be right up," he added. "Keep a good lookout forward, Drake. We are going to strike the ice suddenly. Once the pack gets on the move it comes with fearful force. I knew all about it, you see; I've been up here in the Arctic twice before."

"Hark!" cried Drake, suddenly. "What's that noise?"

Far in the distance strange sounds began to make themselves heard.

Crunching, grinding, tearing sounds which affected Drake most strangely.

He almost wished himself back in New York just then, for Captain Jellison declared that the sounds came from the ice pack which now could not be at any great distance ahead.

Professor Phinney came right up on deck and listened attentively.

"What's the depth here, cap? Can we anchor?" he asked.

"I think we can, sir," replied Captain Jellison, hastily consulting his chart.

"Pipe up the boys, then. Give Mr. Cole the bell to stop. We'll not attempt to run any farther till daylight; say about half-past one o'clock."

Drake was busy for the next twenty minutes then, for he was ordered into the wheel-house while the anchor was dropped.

He kept his eyes fixed steadily forward, but although the sounds continued to grow louder he could see nothing at all.

It was now clouding over, and the stars were beginning to disappear.

As for the geese, they had all gone. There was not one in sight anywhere.

Once the anchor was out, Professor Phinney came into the pilot-house to have a look at the barometer for himself.

"See anything, my boy?" he asked, putting his hand on Drake's shoulder familiarly.

"Not a thing, sir," was the reply, but it does seem to me

that I can hear some one calling away—away in the distance. Listen! You ought to be able to hear it yourself."

"I can hear if any one can," replied the professor, rubbing his ears, for it was now growing very cold.

"There it goes again, sir!" cried Drake.

The sound was faint, but still distinct.

"It's a human voice!" exclaimed Drake.

"It can't be!" declared the professor. "And yet, upon my word, it does sound very much that way!"

"There comes the snow!" said Drake, then.

It came all in a minute.

A sudden gust of icy wind, and then a rush of snow.

In less time than it takes to tell it the Success found herself in the midst of a perfect blizzard, with the snow whirling all about the pilot-house, so that Drake, who still remained on the lookout, could not see a foot ahead.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIRL IN FURS AND THE TWO POLAR BEARS.

It was daylight a little before half-past one. Harry had now joined Drake on the watch, and a bright young lad named Dan Whitman was also with them, for Captain Jellison had taken advantage of the stop to turn in and try for a little sleep.

The orders were that the three boys should remain in the forward pilot-house, which was heated by steam and comparatively comfortable.

They were to keep a close watch on three sides, and summon Professor Phinney the moment the ice pack appeared.

"We haven't heard the cry for ten minutes now, Drake," remarked Harry, consulting the pilot-house chronometer.

"Fully that. Strange, isn't it? What can it mean?"

"Esquimaux, I daresay," remarked Dan Whitman.

"Probably," replied Drake, "and yet it did seem to me that I could make out words, and English words at that. It sounded just like 'Help! Save us!'"

"It isn't likely. Your vivid imagination came into play there, Drake," said Harry.

"Never mind my vivid imagination. What do you call that?" cried Drake, for even as Harry spoke the cry was heard again.

It was clear, distinct and ringing, and certainly it sounded like "Help! Help!"

"By Jove, that's no Esquimaux!" exclaimed Harry, leaning farther out of the window which he had thrown open a few moments before the cry came.

"I told you so," said Drake. "Here comes the ice, boys! You'll find a boat or something coming along in a moment. We want to keep a sharp lookout!"

The crunching, grinding sounds were with them all the while, but so far nothing more than a few broken cakes of ice had appeared.

Now through the snow a long line of white, low down upon the water, had suddenly made itself visible to Drake's sharp eyes.

He seized the captain's glass to have a look, and one glance was sufficient to show him that the long expected ice-pack had come.

"Ice! Ice! Ice!" he called down through the speaking-tube, having first pressed the electric button.

These were the orders. Yet there was nothing to be done immediately.

Professor Phinney, in order to give the Success a thorough test, had determined to let the pack come against the steamer, and not to attempt to make a move until they were well in its midst.

The professor did not hurry himself for this reason. He could look through the window of his stateroom and see when the pack came.

The boys in the pilot-house watched the progress of the ice with intense eagerness.

"It's going to fill up the whole sound from the glacier here on the Greenland shore away over to the land on the other side," remarked Drake, studying the situation through the glass.

"A ship! A ship frozen in!" cried Harry, all of a sudden.

And so it was. Through the thickly falling flakes they could now see a large, square-rigged ship, with the sides and shrouds all coated with ice, looming up before them.

"There's where your cry came from!" exclaimed Dan Whitman.

"I don't see anybody moving about the deck," said Drake.

"She's right at the edge of the pack. It's a wonder they weren't able to force their way out, and—by gracious, look at the bears!"

This was North Pole business fast enough. The real thing had begun at last.

There on the ice, between the ship and the edge of the pack, were two Polar bears of great size. They seemed greatly disturbed at something, and were running about wildly; their growls were distinctly to be heard above the crunching of the ice.

"Go for 'em, boys!" cried a voice outside the pilot-house at the same moment, and there stood Professor Phinney in his big fur coat, holding a rifle in his hand.

"Can I have that, sir?" asked Drake, eagerly.

"Surely; that's why I brought it up. I saw the bears out of my window, and if there is anything I dote on it is bear steak. Go on, boy!"

Drake needed no second invitation. He seized the rifle and ran down to the lower deck, where he was quickly joined by Harry, who had armed himself with the rifle which usually hung in the pilot-house, and happened to be there then.

"Down on the ice, Hal!" cried Drake. "We don't want to make a mess of this!"

The pack was now grinding against the breaker, and the bears were not over a hundred feet away.

Harry Horner was not the sort of fellow to let himself be challenged and hold back.

He leaped down upon the tumbling mass right behind Drake, and the two brave boys went scrambling over the cakes.

The bears saw them coming and stopped running around.

At the same moment, to the immense surprise of both the boys, they saw a young girl of about their own age suddenly rise up from among the ice cakes between them and the bears.

She was clothed in a complete suit of fur from head to foot.

"Help!" she cried, raising her hand appealingly. "Help!"

One of the bears rose on his haunches and seemed to be just ready to make a rush for her when Drake raised the rifle to his shoulder and blazed away.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MR. HOOKS?

Drake Denton was not brought up on a hill farm for nothing. He was as good a shot as there was in Reddington before he was fourteen, and he had not forgotten how to handle a rifle now.

The big Polar bear got the bullet just over the heart.

With one wild, despairing growl, the brute staggered on a pace or so, dropped back on all fours and fell over dead.

Bang! bang! went a rifle at the same instant, and the other bear took to its heels and ran off over the ice, not hit by this second shot. Oh, no. It did not go in his direction, but instead grazed Drake's fur cap and fell upon the ice.

"Who fired that shot?" shouted Professor Phinney, who was on the ice now in company with half a dozen of his boys.

It was not necessary to ask. There stood Hooks, the steward, with a smoking rifle in his hand, right at the edge of the bow deck.

"Why, I did, sir," he called out. "I was trying to shoot the other bear."

"You were, hey?" stormed the professor. "Well, I want you to understand, steward, that you are no shot at all! You came within an ace of killing Drake Denton and narrowly missed hitting me. Don't try that again, sir! If you do I'll put you in irons! Get back to your pots and pans!"

Mr. Hooks slunk away without a word, and was not seen again.

Now, while the professor was giving it to the steward the ice breaker boys were not idle.

Harry Horner, who understood shooting better than Hooks, apparently, and who had also had a rifle given him by the professor, let fly at the second bear and brought it down before it had gone twenty feet, while Drake hurried up to the girl, who stood near one of the ice hummocks, trembling from head to foot.

"Oh, it has come!" she cried, throwing up her hands, pathetically. "It has come at last!"

She covered her face and burst into tears.

Poor Drake scarcely knew what to say.

Who was this girl alone with a ship in the Arctic ice?

What brought her into such a strange situation?

Drake spoke a few sympathetic words, and then Professor Phinney hurried up, and such of the boys as had ventured out on the ice came crowding around.

The girl was still too much overcome to speak connectedly when Professor Phinney undertook to question her; but from the remarks she made Drake understood her to say that she was alone—or was “the last,” or something of that sort.

She distinctly said between her sobs that she heard the steamer’s whistle and came out on the ice to find out what it meant, and so ran into the bears.

The whistle had been blown several times when the cry was first heard, which accounted for this remark, but the boys did not find out what it all meant till later in the day, when the full story of the girl came to be told.

“Take her on board the Success and put her in my stateroom,” ordered Professor Phinney. “Tell Mr. Hooks to give her whisky and food if she wants it, and to show her every attention. Don’t worry, miss. After you have been warmed and fed you can talk, but you need not say one word now.”

Drake was in hopes that he would be the one to escort the girl to the steamer, but the professor’s orders were given to Jack Neeley and Bill Townsend.

“Fred Spence and Dan Whitman, take charge of those two bears!” he ordered further, adding: “Drake Denton, you and Harry Horner come along with me.”

The professor was curious about the ship.

So were the boys, and they were not sorry that they had been chosen to make the exploration.

Scrambling over the ice hummocks and ploughing their way through the snow, they came up under her stern.

“Neriad, New Bedford!” exclaimed the professor, reading her name. “An old whaler frozen in!”

There was a ladder hanging down the side, and they scrambled on the deck, which had been roofed over. Passing through a little door they made their way into the cabin, where everything was found to be neat and comfortable.

They could discover nobody on board, however. Nor were there any provisions, except some seal blubber which hung up in the galley, where there was neither fire nor fuel.

“A mystery of the sea!” cried Professor Phinney. “What in the world was that girl doing here alone on this ship? I’m curious to hear her story and learn all.”

Just then the hoarse whistle of the Success rang out, sounding three times.

“Ha! We are drifting past the steamer!” cried the professor. “We must get right back, boys, and make fast if possible. Anyhow, we can’t stay here.”

They hurried on deck and down upon the ice again.

Captain Jellison was in the pilot-house of the Success. The ice was banking up all around the breaker in the most ominous fashion, while the Neriad was slowly but certainly drifting astern.

“We want to get right back, sir!” cried Drake.

“We certainly do,” replied the professor. “We don’t want to lose sight of our whaler, either. Now, then, comes the test; we shall see what the Success can do.”

They went right aboard, then, and the first order was up anchor.

Everything had been provided to do this important work under the most adverse circumstances.

A powerful donkey engine controlled the movements of the anchor, and it worked perfectly.

“We want to secure that ship, Mr. Jellison!” exclaimed Professor Phinney, hurrying into the pilot-house. “Will it be possible to work in front of her bow and make fast a line?”

“If we can’t do that we may as well give up the whole business,” replied Captain Jellison, confidently.

“Start her!” cried the professor. “Get a hawser ready! Drake and Harry stand prepared to go aboard the Neriad and make fast the line. Now then, Mr. Jellison, why don’t you let her go?”

“I’ve given Mr. Cole the bell, sir. He says he will be ready in one minute. Ah! he is starting now!”

The grinding of the forward ice breakers began.

By this time the Neriad was well astern, and the ice floe had banked up around the steel sides of the breaker so that some of the cakes threatened to topple over on the deck.

“If she don’t work now, she never will, Drake,” remarked Harry, as the two boys stood together at the bow, watching the movement of the ice pack.

“That’s what,” replied Drake, absently.

“What’s the matter with you?” said Harry. “What are you thinking about, old man?”

“I was wondering how the steward came to send that shot so near my head,” replied Drake. “Half an inch closer and I

would not be here now, Harry. Do you know, somehow, that man seems to have a grudge against me.”

It was about time Drake Denton’s suspicions were aroused concerning Steward Hooks.

That the man would bear close watching, he was destined soon to learn.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUCCESS PROVES HERSELF WORTHY OF HER NAME.

“Watch it! See the ice come up! By thunder, this is great!”

Harry was wild with enthusiasm, as well he might be, for the Success was performing her work in noble style.

“This boat will walk through anything in the shape of ice!” exclaimed Drake.

“Anything short of an iceberg, and I believe she would give a fair-sized berg a pretty good tussle,” said Harry, as they continued to watch the wonderful work of those forward wheels.

The ice rose in great masses before them, falling to the right and left, just as had been the case when they worked their way out of the cove.

The noise made by the tumbling cakes was deafening, and the grinding of the great propellers added to it.

The work done was, however, most effective. Not only did the Success cut her way through the pack, but she left a broad open channel behind her.

This, of course, was destined soon to fill up again, but while the channel remained open the pack presented a grand sight.

It looked as though a huge knife had cut its way through; every now and then great cakes would tumble off the heaped-up piles, strike the water with a resounding splash and go sailing away down the channel to become wedged into the pack again later on.

“Success! Success!” shouted Professor Phinney, leaning out of the pilot-houses. “Three cheers for the Success, boys! Give ‘em with a will! Nothing on earth to hinder us from cutting our way straight to the North Pole.”

The cheers given were rousers. All the boys on the breaker were on either one deck or the other, and there was not one among them so dull as not to be roused to enthusiasm now.

Whether the Success was destined to reach the North Pole was an open question, but it was soon certain that she was entirely able to work her way in front of the Neriad, and take the whaler in tow.

Drake and Harry now went aboard the whaler and waited for the line to come.

This was rather ticklish business, too, for after the Success cut in ahead there was nothing but open water between the two crafts, and if anything should happen there would be no chance whatever for the boys to get back on board the ice breaker.

Nothing did happen.

The Success backed down in front of the Neriad.

Dan Whitman and another boy threw the line and Drake deftly caught it.

“Out on the first base!” yelled Dan. “Make sure of her, Drake, and we’ll let you have the hawser right away!”

“Let her come!” cried Drake, and the big hawser was tumbled off into the water.

It was cold work handling the hawser, even with the big sealskin gloves with which Professor Phinney had provided each of the boys, but at last they got it where it belonged, all right.

Captain Jellison then backed the Success down against the bow of the whaler, and the boys sprang aboard.

“First prize captured!” cried Professor Phinney. “We may decide to turn the ship adrift—probably shall in the end—but first I want to find out how much oil she has got in her hold and hear what that girl has to tell.”

The story of the girl came to the ice breaker boys at the dinner-table, told by Professor Phinney, for the girl herself still remained in the stateroom, where, by Professor Phinney’s orders, she was supplied with everything she wanted and treated with the greatest respect.

Meanwhile, the Success had achieved a splendid record for herself. Her work during that morning was a complete triumph in every respect, for she went straight ahead up Smith’s Sound, moving slowly, of course, but, nevertheless, surely, cutting her way through the pack and drawing the Neriad after her in the open channel thus formed.

"If this state of things keeps on two days longer we shall have a regular walkover into the open Polar sea," declared Captain Jellison, when at a little before twelve o'clock it stopped snowing and he was able to take an observation.

Now, Captain Jellison was a firm believer in the open Polar sea.

What part our ice breaker boys were destined to play in solving this problem will soon be shown. Just at present the interest was centered on the mysterious girl in furs who had come so strangely among them. Naturally enough the boys on the ice breaker could talk of nothing else, and all eyes were turned upon Professor Phinney when at the close of the dinner he began to talk.

"Now, boys, you are all curious to know about this young lady, I presume," he began, "and even the flavor of this excellent piece of roast bear with which our steward has supplied us is not sufficiently tasty to overcome your curiosity. Well, here is the story as Dora Glaston has told it to me."

One of the boys away down at the end of the table called out: "Three cheers for Dora Glaston!" but Professor Phinney rapped for silence, and resumed:

"This young lady says she is the daughter of the captain of the *Neriad*," continued the professor. "The whaler ventured into Smith's Sound last fall, and was enjoying a good catch when she was nipped in the ice."

"It was a bad piece of business, for the season was too far advanced to allow them any hope of getting out again, and they did not get out. Worse still, provisions ran short, and the scurvy broke out among them, carrying off the entire crew, and Captain Glaston was himself one of the first to succumb to that horrible disease."

"The last sailor died about six weeks ago, and since that time this poor girl, left alone in the Arctic, has been almost mad, although not at any time did she have the disease herself."

"This part of her story seems to be rather misty. Indeed, I am not sure that she was always in her right mind, or is quite so now."

"She heard the whistle of the *Success* blowing, and that threw her into the greatest excitement, and started her to calling for help."

"Altogether it is a strange story, boys, but the most interesting part of it for us is that there is some thirty thousand dollars' worth of good sperm oil in the hold of the *Neriad*, which belongs to us in part, under the law of salvage, and if we can succeed in running the ship into any civilized port there is nothing to hinder each and all of you from getting your share of the prize-money."

"No, no! No cheering, boys! Do not let us rejoice over another's misfortunes. I want to say to all of you that—heavens! What have we struck now?"

Suddenly there was a fearful shock which sent the dishes rattling all over the table and brought every one to their feet.

"The propellers have struck something they can't handle!" cried Bill Townsend, as Professor Phinney went flying out of the cabin.

"That's what's the matter!" echoed Drake. "Jellison is backing off. By gracious, I think we must have bumped against the North Pole itself!"

CHAPTER IX.

UP AGAINST THE ICEBERG.

There was a grand stampede on deck, of course.

What the ice breaker boys saw was a vast wall of glittering ice towering in front of them to the height of several hundred feet.

It was an iceberg of the largest kind—a veritable mountain, but how a man as shrewd and wide-awake as Captain Jellison ever came to run into it was what puzzled Drake, for the berg lay directly across the channel, blocking up the way completely, and in spite of the torturous windings which Smith's Sound takes on at this point it did certainly seem as if Captain Jellison ought to have been able to keep out of the way.

"What in thunder is the matter with cap? Is he drunk?" called out Bill Townsend, who was first on deck.

"He knew enough to back off, anyhow," added Fred Spence.

"Hope the breakers aren't smashed!" exclaimed Dan Whitman, and while one boy was saying one thing and another another, Drake made a bolt for the upper deck, for he knew something must have gone seriously wrong.

The *Success* was still backing. Then suddenly the bell sounded to stop her, and just as Drake got on the upper deck Professor Phinney looked out of the pilot-house and said, in a low, calm voice:

"Drake, tell the rest of the boys that none of them must come up here. Those are my orders, and they must be obeyed. You are to come right into the pilot-house. I want your help."

Drake leaned down the companionway and shouted:

"No one allowed on the upper deck, by order of Professor Phinney!"

This cry threw the ice breaker boys into a state of great consternation.

Here was more mystery on board the *Success*, and the boys gathered on the lower deck in groups and craned their necks to catch a glimpse of what was going on in the pilot-house, but it really wasn't any use.

The professor could be seen jumping about, and Drake's head came into view occasionally, but that was all. That something must be the matter with Captain Jellison looked very probable, but still the boys could not be sure.

At last Drake came hurrying down looking very pale.

"The professor's orders are to lower boat A!" he exclaimed. "Dan Whitman and Harry Horner are to go with me and take a look about the berg."

By this time the boys on the ice breaker had become pretty well trained. At least a week before the professor had ordered that Drake should hold the rank of first mate, and his orders were consequently obeyed without question now.

But while they were lowering the boat Drake got the questions all right.

"What's the matter in the pilot-house? What ails Captain Jellison?"

Drake got it on all sides.

"Cap's a little sick, boys," he answered. "It will be all right presently. The professor will let you know when he wants you to come up."

This was very unsatisfactory, of course, but it is all the boys could get out of Drake.

Meanwhile, the boat was launched, for here in front of the big berg there was open water. The ice-pack had moved off down the sound, and no trace of it was to be seen, but on either side of the berg rose huge mountains of ice. It was the great Greenland glacier on one side and unknown land on the other.

As the boys pulled away from the *Success*, Drake perceived a party of Esquimaux on the side of the glacier looking down at them.

They were the first that had been seen for several days. As Professor Phinney had taken care to avoid them and positively refused to allow any of them to come aboard the breaker, no mention has been made of these singular people until now.

"Is Cap drunk, Drake?" asked Dan, as soon as they were well away from the steamer.

"No, indeed!" replied Drake, positively. "It isn't that at all."

"Then what is it? Why don't you tell? What's the use of all this mystery?"

"I'm only obeying orders, Dan. You'll find out all about it by and by. Pull away, boys. Orders are to go around the berg and see how she lies."

This proved to be a thing easier said than done, however, for the berg had wedged itself between the Greenland shore and the high ice-covered hills on the other side.

"That settles our fate, I'm afraid," said Harry, gloomily.

"Looks so," replied Drake. "I'd like awfully well to get on top there and see how wide the thing is."

"I should think it might be done," said Dan. "Only trouble is in case the berg should take a notion to start it might make things likely for us."

"If it does that I'm afraid the *Success* will get it in the neck for fair," said Harry. "What do you say to pulling over to the Greenland shore and climbing up on the glacier? We can look over the berg if we can only get high enough. That will give us all the information we want."

"Those are my orders precisely," replied Drake, "and I propose we start now. Come on, boys! Cut it as short as you can, for the professor is anxiously awaiting for me to come back to the *Success*."

The pull over to the glacier occupied about fifteen minutes. The landing was made in a little cove where the ice seemed to be badly worn from the action of the water. In fact, the wear was such as to form what might be termed a series of natural steps leading far up on to the glacier, and having climbed these with no little difficulty the boys came out upon

a level stretch extending back into the interior for a long distance, through the midst of which ran a deep crevasse some fifty feet in width.

"Gee!" panted Dan, "if a fellow was to fall down into that hole, what?"

"There would be no what, where or when! It would simply be the end of him!" replied Drake. "See, fellows, we can look over the berg; there is open water beyond."

Drake had scarcely spoken when a thunderous noise made itself heard.

"The berg! The berg! It is turning over!" yelled Harry.

It was a wonderful sight. An awful sight to see that huge mountain of ice topple forward.

"The Success is doomed!" groaned Drake. "All hands are lost!"

And indeed it looked so, for the toppling ice was falling over toward Professor Phinney's steamer with a force which nothing could stay.

CHAPTER X.

DAN IN THE CREVASSE.

Drake and Harry watched the toppling iceberg with sensations of mingled awe and despair.

It toppled slowly forward, moving with a broad, majestic sweep, and then suddenly down went the top into the water with a resounding splash, and the berg turned upside down, and, presenting an entirely different aspect, began moving down the sound.

"Thank heaven! The Success has escaped!" gasped Drake.

The iceberg had fallen just short of the steamer. An immense splash of water flew over the ice breaker, showering it from head to foot, but nothing worse came to it. The only question was if the berg would not drive the Success up against the glacier with force enough to crush it.

Certainly it looked very much as if such was going to be the case, when all at once, to the immense relief of the boys who were breathlessly watching the movement of the iceberg, the whole mighty mass swung around and moved on down the narrow channel sideways.

The ice breaker and the whaler had escaped.

Wild cheering went up from the boys on deck, and several pulled off their fur caps and waved them to the boys on the glacier, who shouted back to them in return.

"Well, that's luck, by gracious!" cried Harry. "What in the world do you suppose made it turn around at that happy moment, Drake?"

"The current" replied Drake. "The channel lies over on that side. Once the iceberg got on the move it took to it—that's all."

"Say, for goodness sake let us get on a move," said Dan Whitman. "I'm so cold I'm almost dead."

"Keep away from the edge of that crevasse there, or you will be quite dead," replied Drake, for Dan was standing perilously near the break in the glacier.

"Oh, I'm all right. No danger of my slipping; but do let's get down to the boat, now that it isn't doing anybody any good for us to stay here," said Dan.

"What's the reason the iceberg turned over, Drake? Do you know?" asked Harry, as they walked along down over the ice.

"Topheavy," replied Drake. "You see, the water, cold as it is, melts the ice all the same, and as it wears it away beneath in course of time the berg becomes topheavy and over she goes, just as we saw it do then."

"It was tremendous," said Harry. "I thought the Success was a goner, sure."

"So did I," said Dan, "and if it had been we would have been in a sweet fix. No boat and no dogs, to say nothing of no provisions. No one ought to come to the Arctic without dogs, I say."

"Professor Phinney thinks differently. He had his mind all made up to cut right through to the hole. He couldn't see that he had any use for dogs," said Drake. "However, I think myself that he made a mistake. So far the weather has been strangely mild and all in our favor, but this is the Arctic, and there is no telling what we may run into before we get through."

The boys were now making the best of their way down over the glacier to get back to where they left the boat.

The Esquimaux on the other side of the crevasse watched them. There were three men and two women. One of the men waved a long spear at them and shouted out something.

"What does he say?" asked Dan.

"Don't ask me," replied Drake. "I can't talk Esquimaux,

can I? Go easy there, Dan! Don't get so near the edge of that hole! It gives me the horrors to see you so close."

"Oh, pshaw! You talk like an old woman," replied Dan. "I'm all right. I can go close up to the edge. Who's afraid?"

This foolish boast was scarcely made when Dan's feet suddenly slipped from under him, and before Drake could utter a word the unfortunate fellow had disappeared down into the crevasse.

"Help, Drake! Ah, I'm a goner!" yelled Dan, and then all was still.

"Great Scott! Oh, this is terrible!" gasped Harry.

Drake was equally startled and overcome, but he wasted no time in talk.

To look over the edge of the crevasse was more than he was equal to standing, so he threw himself flat on the ice and crawled to the edge and peered over.

"See him?" asked Harry, with a shudder.

"No, I guess he is a goner. Hold on to my feet, old man. I want to work out a little farther."

"For heaven's sake be careful! You'll be over yourself next thing you know."

"No, I won't. I'll look out. Now, then, hold tight."

It was a terrible moment. The Esquimaux on the other side of the crevasse had seen the accident, and came down as near the edge as they dared. One of the men kept calling out something and pointing with his spear.

"He sees him," thought Drake, "and if he can see him I ought to be able to see him, too. Poor Dan! How can I ever go back to the steamer without him? If he is alive he must be saved."

Drake pulled himself out farther then, and leaned far over the edge of the ice precipice.

"Well, I'm here!" spoke a voice right below him, and there stood Dan on a sort of shelf, with the crevasse forty feet wide and of unknown depth yawning at his feet.

It made Drake sick to look at it all, and he turned his head away, the Esquimaux yelling on the other side of the crevasse as he did so. They seemed to be trying to attract the attention of the boys, but neither of them were paying any attention then.

"Do you see him? Is he there?" demanded Harry.

"Didn't you hear him speak?" said Drake. "Wait, now! We must be cool! Dan! Dan! Reach up your hand, Dan! Don't try to turn around so that you can look at us, but just reach up your hand!"

Dan did as he was told, but Drake could not touch his hand even by leaning over farther than was safe.

"Can't be done!" he groaned. "Dan! Oh, Dan!"

"I hear you, Drake. Take it easy, old man. Don't worry about me. If the ice will only hold I'm all right. Get down to the boat, get a line and come back and haul me out—that's all. Gee! Wasn't it a mercy that I landed here instead of going down into that hole!"

Now it was all very well to talk so, and very brave of Dan Whitman.

The projection upon which the boy stood was a mere ledge of ice, not over two feet wide, and liable to break off at any time.

Worse still, there was nothing to hold on to, and down in the crevasse the cold was much greater than it was on the glacier.

There was almost no chance that Dan could hold out for any length of time.

To make matters more perplexing just at the moment the whistle of the Success began to blow an alarm. A series of wild shrieks rang out, which told Drake at once that something was wrong down on the ice breaker.

"What is it, Hal?" he called out. "What's going on down there?"

"I'll never tell you!" cried Harry. "The boys are all running about. There's something wrong, sure! It isn't the iceberg, either; that's sailing by as easy as you please! What can be the matter? There goes the whistle again!"

Over and over again the whistle tooted in the same wild way, and the boys on the ice breaker could be seen eagerly beckoning for their companions on the glacier to come aboard.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT'S THE MATTER ON THE SUCCESS?

"Dan! Are you there, Dan?"

"Here all right, Drake. Waiting patiently, old man!"

"I'll start Harry right down for the rope," said Drake, who had risen from the ice when the whistle began to blow, and

was now leaning over the edge of the crevasse as far as he dared, but not far enough to catch sight of Dan.

"Wait a minute," said Harry. "Look at the Esquimaux! By gracious, I wondered what they were kicking up all that row about. I see now. They want to help us! That's what!"

The Esquimaux from the position in which they stood could look right down into the crevasse on the side where the boys were, and for this reason the whole situation had been plain to them from the first.

One of the men now pointed to his spear and then to a line attached to the other end of it.

"That's the talk!" cried Harry. "That's what they were trying to make us understand all along, Drake."

"Let her come, boys!" shouted Drake, waving his hat to the Esquimaux across the crevasse.

The Esquimaux seemed pleased that they had been noticed at last.

The one with the spear waved it around above his head two or three times, and then let it fly.

It came shooting across the crevasse in great shape, carrying a stout line of walrus hide with it.

"Hooray!" shouted Harry, as the spear fell on the ice at a little distance from them. "We are all right now!"

He lost no time in getting down to business.

Unfastening the line, he threw himself upon the ice again and lowered it down to Dan.

"Make it fast under your arms, Dan! Can you do it?" he called out.

"Guess I can," replied Dan. "Anyhow, I must. Blessings on those Esquimaux! Say, Drake, what's the matter down on the Success?"

"Don't know," replied Drake. "Hurry up, there. Be sure you make your line fast, though."

"Oh, I'm going to do that, all right. Now, then, I think it's safe. Give it a pull, Drake. Gently! Just to test it! There! The knots don't give a bit. I think it's all safe!"

"Well, look out for yourself then!" cried Drake, "for Harry and I are going to pull you up out of that hole, and if the line breaks it's good-by forever. Here goes!"

Drake's heart was in his mouth as he and Harry pulled on the line.

One moment of awful suspense and then Dan's head came up above the crevasse and his hands clutched the edge of the ice.

"Hold on tight, boys!" he cried. "For goodness sake don't slack up now!"

Dan with one quick spring gained the level, while Drake and Harry, still pulling on the line, dragged him away from the edge of the crevasse.

"Saved! Thanks to the Esquimaux, saved!" Harry shouted out, but Drake said nothing; the strain of the moment was almost too much for him. In silence he helped Dan to rise and untie the line. Then attaching the line to the spear, he sent it flying across the break to the Esquimaux, at the same time making them understand by signs as best he could that they must come aboard the Success to get their reward.

Meanwhile the ice breaker's whistle kept blowing, but the boys had all disappeared from the deck, and Drake could see no one in the pilot-house as they made their way down over the ice to the boat.

They reached it in safety, and put right off for the Success.

"What's the next, I wonder!" exclaimed Drake, staring at the ice breaker. "Where are they all? What does it mean? There! The whistle has stopped now. Blest if I can understand it all."

"It will be all right," said Dan. "After my lucky escape nothing can go against us to-day."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Drake. "But you had a lucky escape all right, and don't you forget it."

"It was my own fault that I got in there, Drake. I ought to have listened to you. I shall never forget that you saved my life at the risk of your own."

"That's all right," replied Drake. "Of course, you would have done the same thing by me."

"I should have tried, you bet; and you, too, Harry. I can't thank you both enough."

"Don't say a word," replied Harry. "What is worrying me is to know what's going on over there on board the Success. There's something wrong, sure. Drake, you ought to tell us now what happened to Captain Jellison. We have a right to know."

"Orders were not," replied Drake; "that's all. I think myself it's a serious business, more so than I imagined. You'll find out, I guess, just as soon as you get on board."

"If there is anything wrong I'll bet a dollar to a nickel that it will turn out that Hook, the steward, is at the bottom of it," remarked Harry, as they pulled the boat up alongside the Success.

Everything seemed to be deserted. There was nobody in the pilot-house, nobody to throw them a line.

"On board the Success!" shouted Harry.

"Hello! Somebody throw us a line!" cried Drake.

His heart sank when there was no response.

What Drake thought was that Captain Jellison was dead.

But then Bill Townsend came hurrying out through the door which cut off the interior of the ice breaker from the forward deck.

"Hello, you fellows! Are you back again at last? It's about time!" he cried. "There's the very old deuce to pay here."

"What's the matter?" asked all three boys in a breath, as the line was thrown and made fast.

"Matter enough, and I think Drake can guess what it is," replied Bill. "There's a poisoner on board this boat! That's what! Captain Jellison is very low, and Professor Phinney is dead, I guess. The fellows are working over him now, and trying to bring him to."

"Dead! The professor dead!" Dan and Harry gasped.

Drake seized the line and pulled himself aboard the ice breaker.

"There's some traitor in this ship!" he exclaimed. "I got my dose, and I always suspected who gave it to me! Now we will see!"

Dan and Harry followed him on board, the boat was pulled up, and all followed Bill Townsend inside.

It was an unfortunate time for such things to happen, for the big iceberg had now drifted past them, and nothing but open water lay ahead as far as they could see. It looked as though there was nothing to hinder them from pushing their way straight to the North Pole.

CHAPTER XII.

CUTTING AHEAD TO THE POLE.

"Let me see him, please. I'm something of a nurse. I can help if you will let me try."

Dora Glaston, the last survivor of the Neriad, opened her stateroom door and walked among the ice breaker boys, who crowded in the cabin around the unconscious form of Professor Phineas Phinney, filled with anxiety, as well they might be, for to all appearance the eccentric but kind-hearted man was dead.

Drake, Harry and Dan had just come into the cabin with Bill Townsend. Everything was in confusion, and all the boys were talking at once, when the sudden appearance of the dead captain's daughter among them clothed in her suit of furs, speaking in this quiet, self-contained way, attracted the attention of all.

All eyes were turned upon her. There was something about the girl's face and manner which showed at a glance that she was one of those persons born to command.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, walking over to the group, "I'm all right again now. I know there is trouble on this boat, and I don't want any one to think that I am not grateful for what was done to help me. Here I am ready to take hold and do my share of work."

"I'm sure I don't know what you can do," said Jack Neeley. "I don't know what any of us can do, for that matter. Drake Denton, you are the one who ought to be able to explain this. What happened up there in the pilot-house? What does it all mean?"

"I'll tell all I know," replied Drake, "but hadn't some of us better look after the professor? I don't feel so sure that he is dead."

"We have done everything we could to revive him," said Jack. "It's half an hour since we found him up there. He's beginning to get cold now. I don't think there is any doubt but what he is dead."

"Let me take him in hand," said Dora. "I'm something of a doctor. I have had lots of experience in both lines. Drake, go ahead and talk. Tell us what you know about this."

There was no resisting her. Everybody stood away from the lounge and left Dora to loosen the professor's clothing, feel of his heart and pulse; in fact, to do whatever she pleased.

"About the trouble in the pilot-house," Drake went on to explain, "when we ran against the iceberg I went up there and found Captain Jellison half unconscious. He was lying on

the floor and couldn't give any account of himself. The professor and I worked over him, and he seemed to come to his senses to a certain extent before I left. Professor Phinney thought it would be all right, and he sent me out with Harry and Dan to explore around the iceberg, and charged me not to say a word about the matter to any of you fellows, for fear it would stir you up. That's why I didn't speak before. What happened after I went away? When did you find the professor so?"

"Why," said Jack, "you see, the professor didn't come down, and after we saw you fellows go up on the glacier I went up to see what the matter was. We found Captain Jellison lying on the floor of the pilot-house, with the professor stretched across him, so we brought them both down here, and that's all I know."

"Where is Captain Jellison now?" asked Drake.

"In his stateroom," replied Jack. "He is just breathing and that's all."

"So is the professor breathing!" called out Dora. "If there is any whisky on board get me a good stiff drink of it, quick! This man's life can be saved!"

This was joyful news. Drake happened to know where the professor kept the whisky, and he speedily had the bottle and glass out, and Dora managed to force a stiff horn between the lips of the unconscious man.

It revived him instantly. He opened his eyes and stared around, saying in a thick, uncertain voice: "Drake! Drake! I want Drake!"

"Here I am, sir," replied Drake, bending over him.

"Way clear?" he managed to get out.

"Yes, sir. All clear."

"Start her! Never mind me! Get over this in time. Boys, all mind Drake—Captain Drake—till Jellison and I get well!"

And having got out these words, Professor Phinney turned over with his face against the wall and fell into a profound sleep.

When Drake looked in upon Captain Jellison he found him in the same situation, and the boys all declared that he had been that way ever since they found him on the pilot-house floor.

There was something very strange about it all. Among all the boys there was an undercurrent of strong feeling against Steward Hooks. Everybody felt like saying that the man was responsible for this state of affairs, yet nobody could say how or why they felt so, for the steward certainly kept to his place and minded his own business, and he had shown as much concern as any one else at the strange condition of the two men.

Meanwhile, Drake started in to obey Professor Phinney's orders to the letter, and after a hasty conference with Mr. Cole, the engineer, who was terribly worried over the turn affairs had taken, he went to the pilot-house and made ready to start.

Drake had expected that the Esquimaux who had helped them on the glacier would come aboard looking for pay for the service they had performed, but nothing was seen of them up to the time when he gave Mr. Cole the bell and started the Success with the Nerliad in tow up the sound.

All that night and all the next day the Success made a steady run up Smith's Sound.

Only for two hours did the open water last.

After that Captain Drake found himself up against a solid field of ice which would have proved an effectual barrier to any other craft on the face of the earth than the Success.

In this emergency the ice breaker did her work splendidly, cutting her way through the frozen field, throwing the great cakes up right and left, making slow but certain headway toward the North Pole.

And during all this time Professor Phinney slept on, while Captain Jellison awoke only to show himself raving mad.

He now lay tied to his berth, with two of the boys in constant attendance upon him, a lunatic and nothing else.

Such was the situation at midnight on the second day, when Dora Glaston came into the pilot-house where Drake and Harry stuck close to the wheel.

"Look!" cried Drake, before she had a chance to speak. "Look ahead there! Tell me what you see."

"Smoke!" exclaimed Dora. "A great column of smoke rising right off the ice."

"Of course. Now, watch for a moment," answered Drake, "and remember that we are now farther north than any Arctic explorer ever went yet by two degrees."

The words were scarcely uttered when the smoke which had been rising in a perpendicular column, now suddenly blew upward in a dense cloud, beneath which was a mass of brilliant flames shooting this way and that, carrying with them a vast number of stones.

"A submarine volcano, and we are almost upon it!" cried Dora.

As she spoke the sound reached them—a mighty explosion which shook the Success from stem to stern.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE NERLIAD WENT UP IN THE AIR.

Drake and Dora peering through the windows of the pilot-house viewed the stream of fire and red-hot stones which went shooting up from the ice-bound channel ahead of them with the utmost alarm.

Of course, Drake gave Mr. Cole the bell to stop as soon as he saw the eruption, but to drop anchor was altogether another thing.

Since Captain Jellison's illness began neither soundings nor observations had been taken. There was nobody on board competent to do the latter work, therefore the exact position of the Success was altogether uncertain. Drake hesitated to make a stop so long as there was a chance to go on.

Drake now opened the door of the pilot-house and shouted to Harry, who was on the lookout:

"All hands on deck!"

Harry was a first-rate sailor. Although this remarkable phenomenon was going on right under his nose, so to speak, he had never said a word, but just continued to pace up and down as he ought to have done, displaying neither curiosity nor fear.

"Aye, aye, sir!" he called back, and then he gave the call below.

Meanwhile the Nerliad had swung almost across the channel and the Success was drifting against the glacier. Something had to be done.

The boys came tumbling up looking like so many young Polar bears in the great fur coats and hoods.

Mr. Cole and Joe Jex, the fireman, having received the tip as to what was going on, came up, too, and all gathered at the bow of the ice breaker, taking in the wonderful sight.

"There you are, gentlemen," said Drake, coming among them. "You see what we are up against. I want you all to understand our danger before I go ahead."

"Go ahead!" cried Mr. Cole. "Why, it's perfect madness to talk about going ahead. You want to drop anchor at once."

"Certainly he does!" echoed Steward Hooks.

Drake turned and looked the steward full in the face.

"If there is one man on board the Success who has not got anything to say about this business, you are the one!" he said, sternly. "Attend to your pots and pans, and, mind you, attend to them well, or you are going to find yourself in trouble."

"What's that for? What do you mean?" blustered Hooks. "You are not captain of the Success."

"Get back where you belong, or you'll find out whether I'm captain or not!" retorted Drake, pointing his finger at the steward, while a dozen voices sung out:

"Of course Drake is captain! The cook hasn't anything to say. We'll stand by Captain Drake!" and so on.

Hooks slunk away. He knew that every one on board the ice breaker was down on him, and that he had better be careful what he said and did.

"Now, then, boys!" cried Drake, "we are drifting back with this strong current every moment. What I propose is this: To wait ten minutes more. If in that time the eruption dies down we will start and make a rush over the place. If it don't we will turn back and look for some other channel. Those who agree to follow me in this, say aye."

There was a perfect storm of ayes and not one no, for the steward had sneaked away.

"Now, then, Captain Drake, a word with you!" called out Mr. Cole. "I didn't vote. Not that I'm opposed to your plan, but because I feel that I know so little about this business. Where are we, anyhow? I ask for information. Have you any idea?"

"Certainly I have," replied Drake. "Professor Phinney took particular pains to post me about the charts. We are supposed to be far up Smith's Sound. That land, or rather, that ice, on our right is supposed to be Greenland, and that on our left Grinnell Land, but there is no submarine volcano down on the charts, and I have a strong idea that we have gone off our course and are working north through some channel cutting through Grinnell Land, which is not laid down on the charts."

"I think you are right," replied Mr. Cole. "I have thought so from the first, and I'm glad to see that you take such a

sensible view of it. Go ahead, Captain Drake Denton. I am ready to follow your lead, if it takes us clean to the North Pole."

The boys cheered Mr. Cole then, and at Harry's suggestion Bill Townsend joined him, and both went down into the cabin so that Fred Spence and Jack Neeley, who were watching beside the captain and Professor Phinney, might come up and see the volcano.

The latter had scarcely joined their friends on the forward deck when the eruption suddenly ceased.

"Now is our time," said Drake. "We want to start at once and get over that boiling pot. We can do it, too, and don't you fear."

"I agree with Captain Drake," said the engineer. "Look ahead; it is open water as far as one can see. That's the work the volcano has done for us, and we want to take advantage of it while we can."

Then it was every one to his place again, and Mr. Cole got the bell to start.

Dora remained in the pilot-house with Drake and stood looking out the window, not ahead in the direction of the volcano, but back toward the old whale ship, on board of which she had suffered so much.

It had been getting steadily warmer for several hours, and now the thermometer stood several degrees above zero. Indeed, it was altogether wonderful how little real cold weather they had encountered.

"This is the time to work in the Arctic," Drake was saying. "I shouldn't wonder if we did not see the thermometer at zero again. My theory is that the nearer the pole we get the warmer it will get, and I believe I'm right."

"My father always had the same theory. He was a firm believer in the open Polar sea," replied Dora. "He always said if it wasn't for the field ice in Smith's Sound everything would be easy, and he was talking about inventing some sort of an arrangement to put in front of a steamer to cut a way through the ice."

"Like the Success?" asked Drake.

"Yes, like the Success. Oh, how this would have pleased him, but—Drake, are we over the volcano now?"

While talking and looking back at the old Neriad, Dora had actually forgotten the situation.

"Almost," replied Drake, quietly. "Are you afraid?"

"Afraid! I have forgotten the meaning of the word! How can I ever be afraid again after all I've been through?"

"We must be right over the spot now," said Drake, "and I say I've got a pretty good crew, when you come to think about it. Here we are passing over the volcano of a moment ago, which so stirred us all up, and everybody at his post and not a word said."

"But are we actually over it yet?" persisted Dora. "Do you know I'm getting nervous about it now while you speak?"

It was odd, but Drake felt much the same way. Just as if something was going to happen.

Yet the Success was plowing her way steadily forward through the open water.

Of course, it was not easy to tell exactly where the eruption had taken place, but Drake felt that they could not be far from the spot.

He knew in a moment.

They were just coming opposite to a point of the glacier which Drake had marked as the last possible limit of the volcano, when all at once a frightful explosion was heard, which shook the ice breaker from stem to stern.

"We are right over it now!" gasped Dora.

"And yet the water is not disturbed," replied Drake, giving Mr. Cole the bell for full speed.

"It isn't time, perhaps. The sound may travel faster than the gas or stones, or whatever it is that is coming up out of the volcano."

Dora's theory brought its proof right with it.

The words were no more than uttered when there came a burst of smoke from the water behind them.

"Look! Look!" screamed Dora.

"My duty is to look ahead," replied Drake. "This is our danger spot, all right!"

"But you must look!" gasped Dora. "The Neriad! There is smoke all around her! Is the oil on fire, or what does it mean?"

Drake threw one look behind him and he was just in time to witness a sight which he might live a lifetime and never see again.

It was the old whaler caught over the crater of the volcano. Suddenly she rose in the air with a shower of red-hot stones

flying in every direction all about her, and splitting into a thousand pieces fell back into the water with the oil barrels coming down like hail.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF STEWARD HOOKS.

Of course, the noise of the explosion and all that followed was too much for the ice breaker boys to withstand.

Captain Drake might reasonably have complained of the discipline of his crew when they all came piling on the deck to see what the row was about.

There was not much to see, for the eruption had died down as rapidly as it came.

But the water all around was strewn with the wreckage and the old barrels, and many of the latter the boys could see scattered about over on the field of ice which lined the channel on either side.

It was the last exciting occasion that day, for until some time after midnight the Success continued to plow her way steadily on into the high latitudes.

For an hour or so the open water continued.

Then Drake found himself up against a mass of solid field ice which stretched away as far as the eye could reach, extending from shore to shore and forming a barrier which no vessel or steamer of ordinary build could possibly hope to pass.

It was a grand test for the ice breaker, and all hands crowded to the bow to see the big propellers do their work.

They did it nobly, too. Although the ice was more than three feet thick, as nearly as Drake could measure the cakes with his eye, the Success proved good for them. Her movement was slow, but sure; with a succession of thunderous reports the ice rose in front of the breaker and was thrown aside in two great masses, leaving an open channel just wide enough for the steamer to pass through.

Secretly Drake was glad that they were no longer hampered by the whaler, although he would not have said so to Dora for the world.

The ice as it fell slid back into the water in some instances, and in others banked up upon the field and upon itself, forming gradually a pack behind the breaker through which it would be very difficult to pass on their return.

It was one o'clock when Captain Drake gave up the wheel to Harry and went below.

Dan Whitman and Bill Townsend were on the watch.

Captain Jellison was asleep, muttering and moaning much as he had been all day, while Professor Phinney lay upon his back, with his long hair all about his face, still silent, motionless, looking altogether like a corpse.

"How are the patients, Dan?" asked Drake, as he entered the cabin.

"Just about the same," replied Dan. "It does just beat the band the way the professor lies. I can't make out what's the matter with him. He's neither dead nor alive."

"Have you left him alone at all, Dan?"

"Why, only for a moment when I went out to get a drink of water or something like that."

"They shouldn't have been left alone, not for an instant," said Drake, gravely. "Know what I think, Dan?"

"I know you suspect the steward of poisoning the grub, and so does everybody else. Why, we were almost afraid to eat our supper to-night, and the way old Hooks glared at us was enough to turn the stomach of a wooden god against the best grub that was ever made."

"There you are wrong, Dan. I don't suspect Hooks of poisoning the grub, and never did, but I so suspect him of giving both these unfortunate men hypodermic injections of something or other, same as he gave me, and I believe those injections have been renewed on Captain Jellison and Professor Phinney two or three times."

"No!" cried Dan. "It can't be!"

"I'm betting that it is. It could be done in a moment. When Hooks crowded me that time I'm sure I got my dose—got it right here in the side. I felt the needle prick at the time. I was nearly unconscious and away off my hooks when I jumped out there on the ice, as you very well know."

"But where's the scar? Why don't it show?" said Dan.

"There are the scars on the professor's hand," replied Drake. "It is because I just discovered them that I began to talk this way. Look here."

Drake raised the professor's left hand. Certainly there were

a number of queer little red spots on the back which looked as though they might have been made by the puncture of a needle.

"Strange," said Dan. "I never noticed these before."

"Nor I until just now. Keep your eyes open, Dan. I must have rest now, and I'm going to lie right down here on the lounge and go to sleep. At the slightest alarm you will call me, of course."

Dan promised, and without making any change in his clothes Drake threw himself upon the lounge and was asleep in an instant, as well he might have been, for it was now twenty-four hours since he closed his eyes.

And when Drake Denton slept he slept.

There was no half-way business about it. The grinding of the great propellers did not disturb him. The crunching and breaking of the ice had no effect upon him. He still slept on until suddenly he awoke all in an instant to find himself in the iron grasp of a heavy hand.

A man was bending over him squeezing his throat, and by the light of the cabin lamp Drake recognized the evil face of Steward Hooks.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

Quick as a flash Drake Denton realized his danger.

Dim as the light was in the cabin, he could see the murderous look in the steward's eyes, and he felt sure that he meant to kill him, and nothing else.

But Steward Hooks did not "get there." Not that time, and Drake did.

He did it with his foot. Up it went, and Hooks got it full and plenty in the stomach.

In an instant he was on the floor sprawling upon his back, while Drake, who was pulled off the lounge when the man of pots and pans went over, found himself upon the floor, too.

The question now was who could get up first?

Drake won that race the same as he did the other, and got Hooks by the throat before he could fairly rise.

He noticed then that the steward, who, by the way, never uttered a word, was making desperate efforts to get his left hand up to his, and as he pushed the fellow back he trod on his left arm so as to pinion it to the floor.

"Let up on my arm! Let up on my arm! You are killing me!" roared Hooks, twisting and turning as he cried out.

Then all at once he gave a dismal cry and sank back upon the floor.

"You've done it now! You've fixed me now!" he groaned, and he rolled over on his side, and, giving a few convulsive twitches, lay perfectly still.

"Bill! Dan!" cried Drake, for both the watchers were sound asleep at their posts.

Dan sprang up, but Bill slept through it, snoring at a great rate. No drugging there. Just plain, solid sleep, as the steward had probably sized the case up before he came into the cabin.

"What's the matter?" cried Dan, rubbing his eyes. "What is it, Drake? Say, what's the row?"

"Look there, and then ask," replied Drake. "While you went to sleep on your post this scoundrel sneaked into the cabin and tried to kill me. I ought never to have laid down. I shall know better next time."

"Don't be so blamed hard on a fellow, Drake. Bill was so sleepy that he just couldn't keep awake, so I told him to doze off for a moment, and—and—well, I suppose I must have dozed off myself."

Drake, who was bending over the steward, made no reply.

"Have you killed him, Drake?" asked Dan, in awe-stricken tones.

"Indeed I've not," retorted Drake. "I suspect he has done for himself what he came to do to me, and here's the jigger that does the business on his left hand."

Drake as he spoke pulled off from the steward's finger a queer old iron ring so broad and thick that it almost came up to the knuckle.

Underneath the ring the flesh showed a slight pink, and a drop of blood oozed out.

"A poisonous ring!" gasped Dan.

"That's it. We have all noticed this ring on the steward's finger before. This is the way it works."

There was a small blue stone on the inside of the ring, and as Drake now pressed it a sharp steel point no bigger than a fine needle shot forward from the outside.

"There you are!" cried Drake. "That's the poison. That's what Captain Jellison got somehow, and it is what Professor Phinney got, and what I got once, and came near getting again."

"Terrible!" said Dan, with a shudder. "If it had happened then it would have been all my fault."

"Well, I don't see how you can figure it out any other way, Dan. Say, this man must be a dangerous lunatic. What in the world does he expect to gain by poisoning us all?"

"Blest if I know! Good job he's got his own dose. I hope it will finish him up all right."

"I don't say that, nor wish it," said Drake. "I'd rather a good sight he would come back to his senses and explain what he means by it all. Now, then, we can't leave him here. Let's take him to his own room and lock him in."

"You'll keep the ring, of course?"

"You bet I will, and I'll be mighty careful how I handle it, too. I want to show it to Mr. Cole. He may know something about it. I only wish we had the professor to consult. I have no doubt he could tell us what it all meant if he could only talk."

Leaving Bill Townsend sound asleep, Drake and Dan took up the body of the steward between them and started for the galley, alongside of which the man's stateroom was.

When they threw him down and drew the covers over him, he looked more like a dead man than Professor Phinney or Captain Jellison, either. Drake shuddered to think of his own narrow escape.

"He intended to put me out of business sure," he said to himself, "but why? What possible motive could he have had? I'm only a poor farmer's boy. There's no use talking, the man must be insane."

These thoughts were just crossing Drake's mind when a violent ringing of the alarm bell startled both him and Dan.

The bell was a big brass gong conveniently placed amidships, and the rule was that when it sounded all hands must instantly come on deck.

"What in thunder does that mean?" exclaimed Dan. "What are we up against now?"

"Come on till we find out!" replied Drake. "Something up, sure."

"Say, Drake, you forgive me, don't you, old man?" demanded Dan, as they ran forward.

"Yes; might have done the same thing myself," replied Drake, and no more was said about it, for just then they ran into the boys, who came tumbling out of the cabin and fo'castle to see what the alarm meant.

"By thunder, look there!" cried Jack Neeley, who was the first of the group to get on deck.

"The open Polar sea!" gasped Drake.

He could scarcely believe his own eyes, but there it was.

The Success had cut her way through the ice to the end of Smith's Sound, and there lay a vast stretch of open water extending away northward as far as they could see.

"There it is, Drake! There it is!" cried Harry Horner, looking out of the pilot-house. "I thought you would all want to know."

"Of course," said Drake, "but I don't think any of you see all I see."

"What's that?" asked Harry. "I don't know what you mean."

"No? Well, look there!"

Drake pointed toward what appeared to be a wooded island at no great distance ahead.

"Do you mean the island? Is that what you are pointing at?" demanded Harry.

"Yes, and it's no island!" replied Drake. "Don't you see it is moving this way almost as fast as we are going ourselves?"

As Harry and the others looked toward the supposed island they could see great broad faces peering out from among the trees high up from the water—eight feet up and more.

CHAPTER XVI.

OVER THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

The boat, or island, or whatever it actually was which had so startled the ice breaker boys upon their first entrance to the frozen sea, now as they looked at it suddenly darted off to the westward and shot across the water with a swiftness which seemed absolutely incredible. The boys watched it in amazement. It seemed to them that they could see great fiery

eyes peering at them out from among the branches of the trees, but still it might only be imagination. The "island" whirled round and round as it flew away from them. It was one dense mass of evergreen trees and bushes. Drake turned Captain Jellison's powerful glass upon it, and tried to penetrate between the branches, but as a matter of course that was the time he could not see anything.

If there were men among the trees looking out at them they kept out of the way.

For a few moments the boys continued to watch this mysterious mass of vegetation, and then it passed around a great, dark headland and disappeared.

"Well!" exclaimed Harry, "that just beats the band! Did you ever see anything go so fast?"

"There's electricity there," observed Dan Whitman, who happened to be standing near. "That's what it is, sure."

Drake said nothing. He always disliked to talk about what he did not understand, and he was too much puzzled with all that had occurred, even to pretend to have an idea on the subject of this mysterious moving bunch of trees.

But this was only the beginning of many puzzling occurrences to come to the ice breaker boys during the next few days.

As we desire to hurry on to the other and most singular happenings, let us briefly note a few of these and get them out of the way.

In the first place, and this was perhaps the most puzzling thing of all, Professor Phinney, Captain Jellison, and Hooks, the steward, still lay in that singular condition in which we last saw them.

They seemed to be in a trance, hovering between life and death. Dead they certainly were not, for they breathed, although it was ever so little, and their bodies remained warm and lifelike, but they never changed position nor moved so much as a finger or a muscle of the face so far as the boys could see.

Well covered up with the fur robes with which the *Success* was amply supplied, they laid there in the cabin always watched by somebody, the watcher having strict orders to report at once if there was any change.

So much for affairs in the cabin. On deck all was excitement. It was just impossible to keep the boys below.

They had made a great discovery. They had cut their way through the great masses of ice which hitherto had formed an impenetrable barrier to navigators in these far northern regions; they had made a discovery of vast scientific interest, they had positively proved the existence of an open polar sea, and so far as Drake was concerned he could see nothing to hinder them from making the greatest discovery of the age, by sailing directly to the North Pole!

Meanwhile, the weather was growing milder and milder, thus proving the truth of the theory long held by certain prominent scientists, that at the poles of the earth a comparatively high temperature always prevails.

But there was one great drawback which seriously interfered with their hopes of success. Drake could not take an observation, nor could any one on board who was in condition to handle quadrant and sextant.

All they could do was to steer by the compass, and that now pointed in the opposite direction to which they were going, so it was practically of no use.

When this phenomena first occurred, the *Success* was still in the ice.

Drake understood what it meant. They had passed the magnetic pole of the earth, and so far as the compass was concerned the north now lay behind them. He tried to explain this to the boys, but few of them were sufficiently well educated to comprehend what he meant.

Meanwhile, the *Success* had passed out of sight of land, and was ploughing her way through the dark-green waters of this mysterious sea.

Drake shut off the forward propellers, as there was no more ice to break, and this increased their speed.

Such was the situation on the second night after they entered the open polar sea. At nine o'clock—remember, it was broad daylight, for the sun was now visible all night long, going round and round in a circle just above the horizon, Drake, Harry and Dora sat in the pilot-house discussing the situation, and all keeping a sharp lookout ahead.

"Drake," said Dora, "do you realize what this means for us all if we ever get back to civilization?"

"Do I!" cried Drake. "Why, of course I do! We shall be the most famous people in the world. If it was not for the dreadful mystery which hangs over us, I should be the happiest fellow on earth."

"You refer to the condition of Professor Phinney and the others," replied Dora. "Yes, it is strange, very, very strange. You are sure the ring did it, Drake?"

"How can I think otherwise?" replied Drake. "I'm just as sure that I got a puncture from that same ring myself, as I am that I am standing here at this wheel now."

"Hold on, Drake!" cried Harry, suddenly. "I see something at last. Look off ahead there! Look quick!"

"Land!" cried Drake, looking in the direction of Harry's pointing finger.

"Land ho!" shouted Jack Neeley, at the same instant, for he was on the watch outside.

Drake opened the pilot-house window and called:

"We see it, Jack!" Then he got out the glass and took a long look.

"What do you make of it?" asked Dora.

"It's a mountain peak, miles and miles away. It seems to rise right straight up out of the water, and must be pretty high."

"Probably it's the North Pole!" laughed Harry. "Do you see any polar bears sitting on it, Jack?"

"No, I don't," replied Jack, "but I see something else which I would like to understand."

"What's that?"

"Look at the peak and watch our movement in reference to it."

Harry took the glass, and as soon as he put it to his eye instantly exclaimed:

"By gracious, we are not sailing a straight course. We are moving off to the left."

"That's what we are. I suspected it before from watching some driftwood which I saw a little while ago."

"What does it mean?"

"What does it mean?" replied Drake. "Why, it means that we have struck a circular current of tremendous power. You know there is a theory that there must exist a tremendous whirlpool at the North Pole. Lots of scientific people believe it. It would be a bad job for us if it happens to be true."

They continued to watch the distant peak for some time, first one taking the glass and then the other.

From being on their left it passed far over to the right, and seemed to grow little, if any, nearer.

"We are going around it," said Drake at last. "That's what we are doing, going round and round in a circle. We are not making any headway at all."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN.

It took but a short time to throw all the ice breaker boys into a high state of excitement, once Drake Denton announced his startling discovery.

Question was, what under the circumstances was to be done?

Some were for pulling out of the current, if possible, and returning on their tracks, but these, to the credit of the boys be it said, were but few in number.

Almost all were eager to push on to the pole.

"Send Mr. Cole to me," ordered Drake, who had been talking the matter over with the boys through the pilot-house window. "I want to ask him a few questions. Then we will decide."

Mr. Cole came hurrying on deck, leaving the engine-room temporarily in charge of the fireman.

He grew considerably excited when Drake explained the situation.

"That reminds me of what I used to hear about Syme's Hole when I was a boy," he said. "It would be a great case for us if that happened to be true."

"That was a theory that the earth was hollow in the center, with a passage through it from the North to the South Poles, was it not?" asked Drake.

"That was it," replied Mr. Cole. "Symes claimed that the ocean flowed straight through the earth, but very few believed him, and yet the theory cannot be said to have been exploded, since nobody ever succeeded in getting either to the North or the South Pole to see how matters really stand."

"That's all right," said Drake; "we are going there if we can, you bet, but the question now is, Mr. Cole, can you raise steam enough to get us out of this current? I have a little theory of my own, and that is that the current does not extend very far in toward that island, or whatever it may be."

"I can increase the speed a good deal," replied the engineer.

"Without risk? It won't do to run any."

"That will be all right. Our boilers are new and strong. I saw to that myself when they were made in St. John. You know I ran the Success up to the Island of Anticosti myself, and—good heavens! What have I done now? Broken my oath to the old man?"

Drake and Harry smiled. Dora, of course, did not understand.

"I suspected from the first that it was Anticosti where we started out," said Drake. "Why did Professor Phinney keep it so secret?"

"On account of his patent, just as he told you," replied Mr. Cole. "Yes, it was Anticosti, I'll admit to you, but don't tell any of the rest of the boys."

"Rely on me," said Drake, "but how about the increased speed? Can we have it right now?"

"You can have it in about twenty minutes," replied Mr. Cole, and then he returned to the engine-room.

While he waited, Drake watched the peak attentively through the glass.

Its appearance changed from time to time. There could be no doubt that they were passing around it. No other land was visible anywhere.

The boys grew greatly excited over it. Almost all believed that it was the North Pole.

Soon Drake got the call from Mr. Cole through the tube.

"Drake, I'm ready to throw you all the speed you want," he said.

"Let her go!" Drake called back, and he immediately went to his wheel again; for the past half-hour he had not even attempted to steer.

In a moment the propellers were grinding furiously, and the change of course in reference to the peak soon became apparent.

"We are working out of it!" cried Dora, who was watching through the glass.

"I think so, too," said Drake; "we are surely coming nearer to the peak."

They did not have to wait long to determine that, for the peak seemed to approach nearer and nearer. And to prove matters, a large log was seen floating in the water. It bobbed about idly, and seemed to be drawn by no current. The Success flew past it and drove on toward the peak.

"Slack up now!" Drake called down through the tube. "We have made it all right. Plain sailing ahead."

For the next three hours the Success drove steadily toward the peak, which loomed up higher and higher, growing into a mountain of enormous height at last.

Of course, the boys were no judges of the height of mountains, but Mr. Cole, who came up several times to look at it, declared that it must be at least twenty thousand feet high, and for all that it was so narrow that it certainly bore a remarkable resemblance to an enormous pole.

After breakfast the next morning it stood right ahead of them.

The distance was perhaps fifty miles; certainly no more.

There was no snow upon it, even at the highest point, nor was there any sign of ice around its base. Trees grew on the sides; enormously large evergreens, such as could only be compared to the big trees of California. Above the tree-line the rock was gray and ragged, but down at the base, where there were no trees either, it was as black as ink, and seemed to be greatly broken.

The boys were discussing this after Drake came up from breakfast and took his place at the wheel, when all at once they discovered that they were in another current, and doing the rotary act again.

Drake immediately rang for more speed, and got it, with the same effect as before.

Strong as the current was, the Success ploughed her way through it and was soon heading straight for the mysterious mountain, and the fifty miles were reduced to something like five, when singular discoveries began to be made.

There were houses on the side of the mountain.

Dora caught sight of the first one, a large building with a high, conical roof, away up by the tree-line.

Soon they spied another further down, and then it was a cluster of smaller houses inside the tree-line; and a little later they saw quite a settlement down close to the water's edge. There were also long lines of queer-looking houses, with what seemed to be a church, palace, or some public building in their midst, which rose high above all the rest, surmounted

by a white roof which was cone-shaped, like the one further up the mountain, and looked like a huge extinguisher.

Extending out into the water were several wharves with small clusters of trees growing apparently in the water close alongside of them.

Remembering what they had seen when they first entered the open polar sea, Drake at once jumped at the conclusion that, strange as they seemed, these things were really boats.

They could see no people, not even through the glass.

Of course, the greatest excitement prevailed on board the Success by this time. It was next to impossible to keep anybody down to regular work; even Mr. Cole came running up out of the engine-room every few moments to see how things were going on.

It was just about this time that the Success was caught in the third of the rotary currents, which seemed to swing around this mysterious mountain which every one on board was now calling the North Pole.

This current seemed to be much more powerful than either of the others, and the ice breaker was whirled away from that strange, silent settlement down on the shore with great speed.

Drake rang for more steam, and after getting it even then he could not force the boat out of that whirling band of water until they had gone half around the peak, when suddenly the side movement was stopped and the Success began to move ahead again.

"Hooray!" cried Harry. "We are out of our troubles at last! This time we are going straight to the North Pole!"

There was more truth than poetry in this remark, as all hands were very soon to find out.

The mountain had now changed its aspect somewhat. No trace of buildings was to be seen here. One great mass of coal-black rock rose from the water's edge to a towering height, above which were a few trees and then the grayish stone of the tapering peak.

Drake called for reduced speed, but although Mr. Cole answered all right, he didn't get it.

Faster and faster the ice breaker moved toward the mountain.

"What in thunder is the matter in the engine-room!" cried Drake. "Are they crazy? Instead of going slower they are going faster. Mr. Cole must have lost his head."

He gave the engineer the bell to slow down, and at the same time called through the tube:

"Let up, Mr. Cole! We are out of the current now! You'll burst the boiler, sure!"

"Why, I have let up!" Mr. Cole called back. "I don't know what to make of it. I have cut the steam down to one-half."

"One-half! And we are going twice as fast as we did before!"

"Impossible!"

"It's a fact. Stop her altogether!"

As he spoke, Drake gave the bell a violent pull to make sure that his command was understood.

It did not make a bit of difference, however; the Success flew straight on toward the mysterious mountain, with the speed of the wind.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLUE GIANTS AMONG THE TREES.

The ice breaker boys had run up against a new and startling phenomenon, and they bid fair to run up against something else in very short order, unless something was done.

"What is it? What does it mean?" cried Dora, coming up out of the cabin where she had been to look at the invalids who still remained in the same mysterious condition as before.

"It means that our mountain over there is a great magnet, and is drawing us on to it by attraction!" replied Drake.

Some of the boys were inclined to doubt this, and began to talk about currents, but it soon became only too apparent that Drake's theory was the only correct one.

Every instant the speed of the Success increased, until the big, clumsy ice breaker was going like a race horse.

Every one now gathered on the forward deck, the engineer and fireman included.

Even Drake gave up all attempt to steer, and, abandoning his post, came down and joined the rest.

"We are lost!" groaned Mr. Cole. "There is no doubt that this is one of those magnetic mountains you read about. That big mass of black rock is probably one great magnet. If we

go against it there we will stick, and no power on earth can ever set us free with all the iron there is about the Success."

"What's to hinder us from going against it? How can we prevent it?" said Harry.

"There is no way," replied Drake, gloomily. "All the engines in creation could not overcome the force which is drawing us against those rocks. We are simply going like the wind."

"Will it smash us?" asked Fred Spence.

"I expect it will," replied Drake. "I don't expect to see anything left of us. We will have to take to the water and do the best we can. We had better launch the boats, boys; there is hardly enough iron about them to make them dangerous."

"Better try one first," said Mr. Cole. "There's the nails into it, and the bow of every boat we have got is shod with iron. I don't get into one till I see how she's going to act."

Drake gave the order, and no time was lost in putting one of the lifeboats into the water. It was lowered over the side, and the instant it touched the water, before the davit ropes could be untied, they were snapped like pipe-stems, and away flew the boat in advance of the Success, and went rushing madly toward the mountain.

"We don't take to the boats, that's all," said Mr. Cole, grimly.

"Look! Look! Look!" shouted Joe Jex, the fireman, pointing off to the right.

"The moving island again, by gracious!" exclaimed Harry.

A small mass of trees had suddenly made its appearance around the point where the black rock began.

"It's a boat!" cried Drake.

"See, there comes another!" Dora called out.

"One other? Twenty others!" added Mr. Cole. "This is great! We are going to see something now."

All watched the whirling masses of trees, with that intense eagerness which a ray of hope brings to black despair.

"It's coming! We are almost there!" gasped Dora.

"Look! Look! There are people at last!" shouted Drake, pointing to the foremost of the whirling masses of evergreen trees which was flying forward with a sped even greater than their own.

A man had suddenly stepped into view between two of the trees, and one glance at him was enough to bring out a shout of surprise from every one on the Success.

He stood fully eight feet high, and was dressed in a bright blue suit with queer, long-toed shoes. He wore no hat, but instead had a tremendous quantity of yellowish hair, which hung down on either side of his head, which, with a long, yellow beard between the mass, gave him almost the appearance of some animal dressed up and standing on his hind legs.

"Funger—roo—roo! Fungur—roo—roo!" he shouted out, or at least it sounded like that.

"I suppose that means keep off," said Drake. "I wish to gracious we could do it. We are going faster and faster. They cannot help us. We are going straight to our doom."

Suddenly three more men appeared among the trees, all looking like the first one.

"Funger—roo—roo! Fungur—roo—roo!" they all yelled in chorus, at the same time wildly waving their hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN.

The appearance of the giants was certainly most peculiar, yet there was a mild expression about their faces which made Drake feel as he looked at them through Captain Jellison's glass that there was nothing fierce about these men.

Same way with their cry. It seemed rather to be one of warning than one of rage. There was only one way to interpret it, and that was: "Keep off! Keep off! Don't come in here!"

Of course, the boys on the Success would have been only too glad to keep off if they had known how to do so.

They were to learn at once that there was a way out of this difficulty, which although they could not understand it, was entirely effective, nevertheless.

As the whirling masses of trees drew nearer to the ice breaker, it became easier to see just what they were.

The trees seemed to be a peculiar kind of evergreen with long, feathery leaves, different from anything the boy had ever seen before.

They did not rest in the water, as had appeared to be the case while they were still in the distance, but in large, shallow objects, half boats, half disks, made of some sort of shining substance which might have been either metal or glass, it was impossible to tell which.

These boats supported the trees, but how, it did not appear, and they revolved rapidly at the same time flying forward with incredible swiftness.

On account of their rapid movement it was not easy to distinguish the faces of the men, for now you could see them and now you couldn't, but there were a great many of them. They were peering out from among the trees on every one of the boats, and all seemed to regard the Success and the crowd of boys gathered on her deck with the greatest curiosity.

Now we have gone into a very minute description of these singular people, for whoever heard of them before, and, of course, every one wants to know as much about them as possible.

Do not for that reason suppose that any great length of time was consumed in the happenings here described.

That would have been impossible, for if it was so, the Success would have been thrown against the magnetic mountain and dashed to pieces, for it was now dangerously—horribly near.

But rescue was close at hand in a way which Drake Denton little dreamed, and never fully understood to this day.

The tree-boats shot in between the Success and the mountain, and immediately lined up there close together and stopped.

The effect was as remarkable as everything else connected with these singular crafts.

The Success instantly stopped.

A wild shout went up from the boats, and dozens of giants showed themselves among the trees.

Each one held in his hand what appeared to be a short rod of shining white metal, and all pointed their rods at the Success.

"Down! Down! They are going to shoot!" cried Drake. "He really believed it, and no wonder under the circumstances, but he was entirely mistaken, for nothing of the kind occurred.

Something else happened, however, which Drake found himself entirely at a loss to explain.

The Success, which had stopped as suddenly as if she had been anchored, now began to move slowly away from the tree-boats, which did not move toward the mountain, but remained perfectly still.

Faster and faster it went, until it had gained a motion about half as rapid as when attracted toward the mountain.

Losing his fear of the shining rods now, Drake stood up, as did Dora and most of the boys.

The men of the polar mountain stood there motionless, with their rods still extended. Once in a while they joined in that same wild shout.

At last they began to grow small in the distance, and the Success moved more and more slowly, and acted as if it was soon going to stop.

"Wonderful!" cried Mr. Cole. "What do you think of it all, Drake?"

"It's no use to ask me," replied Drake. "How can I tell, but I have my own ideas just the same."

"So have I," said the engineer, who although not an educated man, was still very intelligent and well read. "The poles of the earth are the centers of all electric force, and the magnetic current. We know just absolutely nothing of what electricity and magnetism really are. These people live here, and likely they know more, far more than we do about these matters. Their boats are non-conductors, hence are not attracted to the mountain. The rods are storage batteries, and at the same time have a negative action on iron. Instead of attracting us they repel us on account of the iron on the Success. That's my theory in a nutshell, Drake. I don't know whether you agree with me or not."

"Indeed I do," replied Drake. "It can't be anything else. Another thing is plain, they don't want anything to do with us, and I guess we are just as well off to have nothing to do with them."

"That's right, too," said Harry, who had been listening to all this. "I don't know what you think, Drake, but it seems to me that we had better make a start, and try to get out of this as quick as we can."

"Return on our tracks?" asked Drake.

"Yes. All the boys think the same thing."

"And I agree with them," said Mr. Cole. "Let's start now."

I think we must be out of the attraction of the mountain by this time. I'll go below and we will see what can be done."

As soon as the engineer left them, Drake went into the pilot-house and took a long look back at the tree-boats which were now so far off that they could be but dimly seen.

The glass showed him that the giants had put up their rods, but were still standing among the trees looking toward the Success.

Then, all at once, the tree-boats started away from the black cliffs and went flying back in the direction of the town which could just be discerned in the far distance.

Drake rang the starting bell, and called down through the tube to Mr. Cole:

"They have given it up! They are going away!"

"All right," was the reply. "We'll start, too."

They started before the words were more than spoken, but it was not from the motion of the engine. They had run into one of the circular currents again.

"Put on all the steam possible!" called Drake. "We have got to strike right across these currents and get out of their influence if possible."

It took time to do this, but at last it was accomplished, and the magnetic mountain became nothing but a speck in the distance, and at last faded away altogether, leaving the Success to plough her way undisturbed through that wonderful polar sea.

CHAPTER XX.

TROUBLE WITH THE COMPASS.

That night Drake turned in for a long rest, leaving Harry Horner and Dan Whitman to take charge in the pilot-house.

It was absolutely necessary. Drake had lost so much sleep that he felt that he must make up for it now.

It was nine o'clock next morning when he was suddenly awakened by Harry shaking his shoulder.

"Get up, Drake!" he exclaimed. "Get up at once! We are in trouble again!"

"What's the matter now?" demanded Drake, springing to his feet.

"Well, I don't just know," said Harry. "We have lost our way, that's certain, and the compass is kicking up the greatest old time you ever saw; and that isn't all of it. Hark! Don't you hear?"

Drake could scarcely help hearing.

Sharp, crackling noises had suddenly begun. It sounded for all the world like the discharge of hundreds of guns.

"What in the world is it?" demanded Drake, as he pulled on his big fur coat and caught up his hat.

"That's what we don't know," replied Harry. "It has been going on for about half an hour. We can't make it out at all."

"Why didn't you wake me up before?"

"Tried, but couldn't get you started. You were so sound asleep that I thought I'd let you alone and maybe it would pass away, but when it began to get worse instead of better I came down to shake you up again."

Drake hurried on deck, filled with a thousand fears.

He was no sooner outside than he stopped and stared about in amazement, for Harry had not told him all.

That they had lost their way was quite evident. Some four or five miles off on their right a chain of lofty mountains, higher than anything Drake had ever imagined, lay strung out before him, extending for miles and miles.

They towered far into the clouds, their peaks being for the most part hidden, but where they could be seen they were white with snow, and the snow extended down upon their rocky precipitous sides, but for a distance of two or three thousand feet up from the water there was no snow.

"Heavens! What mountains!" cried Drake. "How long have they been in view?"

"Oh, a long while," replied Harry, "but come up into the pilot-house, Drake. I want you to look at the compass. It is acting as if it had gone crazy. I don't know what to make of it at all."

"There goes that noise again!" cried Drake. "What in the world can it be?"

It was the same sound, a series of sharp, crackling reports, which were echoed and re-echoed back from the mountains, making them ten times more peculiar than they really were.

"What can it be?" exclaimed Bill Townsend, coming up to Drake and Harry then.

A good many of the boys were collected near the pilot-house,

but Dora was not present. Since Steward Hooks had been put out of business, Dora had taken his place and she was in the galley looking after her cooking now.

"I think I know what it is," replied Drake. "Has Mr. Cole seen it? What does he say?"

"Why, he thinks it's the aurora borealis," replied Harry, "but that's all nonsense, of course."

"Of course it is nothing of the sort, and that noise comes from the aurora, and nothing else. You don't expect to see it in broad daylight, do you? That's what ails the compass, too!"

Drake went into the pilot-house, then, and found the compass pointing six ways for Sunday, as Dan Whitman expressed it.

First it went flying violently to the right, and then with equal suddenness it would dart to the left. Then standing for an instant at the north point where it belonged, trembling and shaking it suddenly began whirling around and around the entire card like mad.

"That's the way it has been going for the last half hour," said Dan. "It acts like a duck in a fit. What do you think is the matter with it, Drake?"

Drake explained his theory and had a brief conversation with Mr. Cole through the tube.

It was the engineer's time to lay off now, and he announced that Joe Jex had just come down to take his place. In a few moments he came into the pilot-house in a great state of flurry and excitement.

"Well, Drake, what do you think of all this?" he exclaimed. "Queer state of affairs, isn't it?"

"It certainly is, sir," replied Drake. "If you want my opinion it is the same as yours. It's the aurora borealis, and nothing else."

"Of course!" replied the engineer. "These lads had an idea that because they couldn't see it in the broad sunlight it couldn't exist. It's with us, though, and in my opinion it has been with us more or less for the last three days. I don't believe we can rely upon the compass at all until we get out of this infernal queer sea."

"What shall we do then?" asked Drake. "We are evidently lost. Which way shall we steer?"

"Steer by the mountains," replied the engineer. "We don't know which is north, south, east, or west, and there is no possible means of finding out. Let's do the coasting act. As long as we have the land with us we are always safer than to go off on a tangent over the sea."

"You are right, and I'll do it," said Drake. "Go turn in, Mr. Cole. You look all used up. I'm good for forty-eight hours now."

The engineer retired to his stateroom, and Drake took the wheel and steered first close in under the mountains.

After a little the crackling noise ceased, but the compass still continued to gyrate wildly at times, and at last settled down over the southwest mark on the card.

Drake paid no further attention to it. He fully agreed with the engineer that it was entirely unreliable.

Meanwhile, the clouds over the mountain tops vanished, and the giant peaks in all their immensity could be plainly seen. They towered so high that one had to look straight up in the air to see their tops. Drake, of course, had no means of measuring them, but he was satisfied that they were the highest mountains in the world.

He now ordered every one to his duty, and Harry and Dan went to bed, leaving Fred Spence as helper in case of need.

"Drake," said Fred, after a long silence, "I want to ask you something."

"Well, ask it," replied Drake. "Why don't you speak out?"

"Because I don't want you to think I'm kicking or am afraid in the least, but do you think we shall ever get out of this place alive?"

"Can't say," replied Drake, but if he had answered the question according to what he really thought, he would have said no, decidedly.

A strange sense of fear was upon him. It seemed to Drake just as though something dreadful was going to happen, and that very soon.

"I don't believe we ever shall," said Fred, gloomily. "I wish we had never found our way into this dreadful sea."

"Drake! Oh, Drake!" called Jack Neeley outside the pilot-house, at the same moment. "Open the door, Drake!"

Fred threw the door open, and Jack darted in, exclaiming: "Say, Drake, the steward has come to his senses. He says he's dying and wants to see you."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE REMARKABLE CONFESSION OF STEWARD HOOKS.

"You don't mean it!" cried Drake. "Is he entirely conscious again?"

"Seems to be. He's mighty weak, though. He asked for whisky, but I didn't like to break open the locker, and you have the key."

"You were right," replied Drake. "I'll go to him at once. Fred, you take the wheel, and Jack can stay with you on the lookout. Don't get in too close to the rocks."

"All right," replied Fred, and Drake hurried down into the forward cabin where the three sufferers lay.

There had been no change in their condition until now. Drake stopped to look at them just before he came on deck. All three were then just breathing, and no more.

Now he found things different so far as the steward was concerned.

The man's eyes were wide open, and his face was deathly white.

"Drake, come here," he whispered. "Get me a drink of whisky, quick. I've got something to say to you that must be said at once, for I'm dying, and I wouldn't for anything in the wide world miss my revenge on George Goulding since I cannot live."

"Goulding!" gasped Drake, amazed at the mention of his uncle's name.

"Yes; don't stop to talk. There has been a lot of mystery on this ship since we started out, but I'll explain it all if you will only help me. Give me the whisky, quick!"

Drake had the keys of Professor Phinney's locker, and he hastened to comply with the man's request.

He raised him up, and the steward swallowed the liquor eagerly.

"There! That will help me for a while," he muttered, "but it can't save me. No, it can't save me! I'm too far gone for that."

"Brace up," said Drake. "I want you to tell me how you come to know my uncle. I want to understand what all this means."

"And I'm going to tell you," replied Hooks. "Kneel down here, boy. Put your ear close, for my voice is very weak. No; you needn't be afraid of me. I won't harm a hair in your head. That's not my game now. Before I was willing to kill you, but now I had rather see you live."

Drake did as he was asked, but not without some misgivings, it must be confessed.

"Drake, do you know who I am?" asked Hooks, in a weak, faltering voice.

"I thought I did, but I guess I don't," was the reply.

"I'm sure you don't. Well, I am Henry Hooks, all right. Once I was your grandfather's private secretary. I worked for him for years in the Reddington woolen mills—that was before you were born."

Drake's heart began to beat wildly. Old rumors began to come back to his mind; matters which he had heard his mother talk about when he was a little boy.

"Your grandfather died a very rich man," continued the steward. "He left almost a million, and his will cut off your mother with a dollar, because she married against his wishes, and left the entire fortune, including the mills to your scape-grace uncle, George J. Goulding, my old playmate, now a rich banker in New York."

"What you say is true," replied Drake. "I remember hearing of you now. You were the clerk who found the will after my grandfather was dead."

"I'm the man who made the will!" exclaimed Hooks, in a louder voice than he had yet used. "I am a forger. Your Uncle George paid me one hundred thousand dollars to destroy the real will and make the one under which he inherited his father's wealth."

"Is it possible!" cried Drake. "And the true will?"

"Left every dollar to your mother, cutting your uncle off without a cent."

Drake sprang to his feet with an excited exclamation.

"And the true will?" he asked. "Where is it now?"

"In the inside pocket of my coat," replied the steward. "Take it, Drake Denton. It makes you a millionaire if you ever get back to New York. Your uncle ruined my life, all right. Tell him that I gave it to you with my dying breath. That is my revenge!"

Drake thrust his hand into the steward's pocket, and drew out a long, dirty envelope, which contained a folded document, yellow with age.

"That's it," said Hooks, "but don't stop to look at it now. Put it in your pocket and listen to me, for I have something else to say. I have traveled in many lands, and have learned a lot. Your uncle hired me to follow you and to kill you. I meant to do it in New York, but when you shipped with Professor Phinney, the idea seized me to ship, too, and I came on this strange voyage. I meant to kill you. In India, where I once was, I came into possession of a peculiar ring which contained a powerful poison, the name of which I have forgotten. I ought to have the ring on my finger now, but it isn't here, and I guess you have got it. Beware of it! You got one dose on the day we started out. I did not press the ring hard enough when I struck it against your hand, and you recovered at once from the effects of the poison, which is now killing me."

"Will Professor Phinney die? And Captain Jellison?" asked Drake, eagerly. "Tell me how it all happened? Why did you try to poison them?"

"Wait. Listen," said Hooks. "It was like this: I had had enough of this Arctic business and wanted to return. The only way I saw of doing it was to dispose of Captain Jellison. Yes, I went into the pilot-house and commenced to talk to him, and while I was talking I gave him the ring!"

"Ah, I thought so!" cried Drake.

"Wait! Wait! Don't interrupt, for my time is short. I got my chance at Professor Phinney later, as you know. I did not intend to kill them. I gave them enough to keep them unconscious for a few days, but when I came to you that night I put a double dose of fresh poison into the ring. Somehow I got it myself. It is only justice, I suppose. Drake, feel in my vest-pocket and take out that little bottle. There, that's right. Five drops in a glass of water will restore either the professor or the captain to health. Give it to them and they will live."

"But you—why don't you take it yourself?" demanded Drake, at the same time possessing himself of the bottle.

"The double dose—it won't work with me. I have tried it. There is no effect, Drake!"

"Drake! Drake!" cried Jack Neeley, rushing into the cabin at the same instant. "Come up at once. We are caught in another current. We are running up against those mountains just as fast as we can go!"

CHAPTER XXII.

CAUGHT IN THE CURRENT AGAIN.

"Watch this man, Jack! Give him more whisky if he wants it!" cried Drake. "I'll be back just as soon as possible. Hooks, have you anything further to say?"

"Not a word, Drake Denton!" replied the dying wretch, regarding Drake with the glassy eye of death, "except that I wish you joy in your fortune when you get it. Beware of the ring. I'm tired of life. After all, I'm glad that it is I who have to go and not you. Will you shake hands with a dying man?"

Drake did not refuse. How could he? Bad as the fellow was, he had tried to make amends, and after all he lay there in the presence of death.

It looked very much as if everybody on board the *Success* was in the same boat when Drake got on deck.

"We are lost, I'm afraid, Drake!" said Dora, dismally. He met her at the head of the companionway just coming down to look for him.

"Don't say it," replied Drake. "Never say die. I haven't taken in the situation yet, but that there is some way out of it I'll bet."

This was Drake all over. He always tried to take a cheerful view of things, but when he shot the first glance about him matters certainly did look serious enough.

The boys were all gathered around the pilot-house looking off at the mountains.

No one spoke when Drake, in equal silence, took the wheel from Bill Townsend, but all regarded the young captain of the ice breaker with anxious eyes.

What Drake saw when he looked out of the pilot-house window was certainly sufficiently startling to make him share their feelings.

The *Success* had run into a deep gulf or fiord, as the Norwegians call it. On both sides those frightful mountains rose towering so high, and their peaks came so close together that the very sky was darkened, while the water was running like a mill-race, whirling the *Success* on with incredible swiftness toward a cross line of lofty cliffs, still several miles away, but plainly to be seen in the distance. It was perfectly evi-

dent that unless something could be done to check the advance of the ice breaker her doom was sealed.

"Have you stopped the engines, Bill?" asked Drake, in a hollow voice.

"Yes, stopped 'em just as soon as we ran into this infernal place," replied Bill. "Mr. Cole is coming up in a minute. He knows all about it. Drake, it is a bad job."

"That's what it is," replied Drake. "How on earth did you manage to get in here?"

"Now, don't blame me," said Bill, "for I couldn't help it. We were running alongside the cliffs all right, just as you told me to do. I thought we were going extra fast, but I supposed there was an extra amount of steam on, and never realized our danger until all at once we came to this opening, and the wheel flew out of my hands with such a jerk that it almost knocked me down. The next I knew we were in here and running along as you see us now."

Just then Mr. Cole came hurrying into the pilot-house. He was terribly excited, and could scarcely control himself long enough to listen to Drake's explanation.

"It's all up with us!" he exclaimed. "We are going against those mountains, and we shall be dashed to pieces just as sure as fate!"

"I don't think so," replied Drake, "and I'll tell you why. This water must have an outlet somewhere. It can't be otherwise. Dark as the prospect looks, I believe there is some opening in that wall and if there is we have a fighting chance of passing safely through it. I can't and won't despair."

It encouraged the engineer somewhat to hear him say it, and he calmed his excitement.

As it was useless to attempt to do more than to prevent the Success from dashing against the cliffs on either side, Drake gave up the wheel to Bill, and, going out on deck, urged the boys to keep as calm as possible, and hope for the best.

"I've got work to do down in the cabin," he declared, "and I am going down to do it," and then he told that portion of the steward's confession which related to the poisoned ring and the antidote in the bottle. "I don't know what to think, boys," he added, "and you must all help me to decide whether to give these drops to Professor Phinney and Captain Jellison or not. I don't want to make a mistake and kill them outright."

Mr. Cole was very doubtful. "Why didn't he take the stuff himself?" he said. "If he is scoundrel enough to do what he says he has done, I believe he is bad enough to try and finish his work. Let's go down at once and have a talk with him. We can do nothing here."

They hurried into the cabin, meeting Jack Neeley just coming out. Dora was sitting beside the steward, looking down at his face.

"He's dead!" cried Jack. "Isn't it so, Dora? He died just one minute ago."

"Yes, he is dead," replied Dora. "I didn't think so at first, but I'm sure of it now."

There was no doubt about it. Drake saw at a glance that the steward had breathed his last.

According to Jack and Dora he had passed away quietly without speaking another word after Drake left.

"That ends our chance of getting any further information from him," said Mr. Cole. "Drake, I wouldn't risk it. At least not now, but I'll tell you what I'll do. Jellison is a man of family, and my friend ever since we were boys. I'm a bachelor, and have no one dependent upon me. I'll take a dose of the stuff just as soon as we are out of our present fix and see how it works on me. If we are all bound for Davy Jones' locker there is no use in waking up poor Jellison and the professor. They may just as well die unconscious as they are."

Drake gave him the bottle, but said nothing, although he could not but appreciate the noble purpose of the engineer. Still, it was the man's own business, and there were other and more important matters to be thought of, and what Mr. Cole said about it being best to leave the captain and the professor where they were for the present seemed quite true.

Perhaps ten minutes had been consumed by all this. When Drake returned to the pilot-house the condition of things had not changed any further than that they were just so much nearer to the mountains, which seemed to lie across the head of the fiord.

The water was running just as rapidly as ever—more so, if anything.

It splashed against any projecting rock on the cliffs with a force which sent it flying high in the air and showed the immense force of the current.

Narrower and narrower grew the opening as the Success

went rushing on. The cross mountain was right ahead now, and the water could be seen dashing violently against it, sending up vast sheets of spray, which completely obscured the base of the cliffs and prevented Drake from seeing what they really looked like.

He caught up his glass and tried to penetrate the cloud of spray and mist.

"That's all right!" he cried, suddenly. "We are not used up yet. There is a big hole right through the cliffs, big enough to take in two boats the size of the Success!"

It was some encouragement, certainly; but what about running in under those frightful mountains?

This alone was enough to make the stoutest heart feel a sense of fear, but there was worse to come, for at the same instant a fearful explosion broke upon the air.

"A volcano! An eruption!" yelled half a dozen of the boys in the same breath.

From the top of the mountain which lay across the end of the fiord a vast column of flame suddenly shot high into the air mingled with great stones, many of which looked big enough to be of many tons weight.

"That settles our hash!" groaned the engineer.

The stones were falling down over the edge of the mountain descending toward the fiord, and a vast mass of red-hot lava could be seen pouring over the snow-capped peak.

—Could the Success hope to pass under this fearful shower in safety?

Perhaps.

It was fully five miles to the top of the mountain, and although the red-hot stones and lava were descending with great rapidity, still the ice breaker had but a short distance to go before it would be swallowed up in the mountain which had proved itself to be nothing less than an active volcano.

View it in whichever way he would, Drake Denton could see the situation in no other light than that they were rushing on to a certain and horrible fate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNDER THE BURNING MOUNTAIN.

Not a word was spoken now.

Of what use to talk when all were in the same boat in every sense of the word, and any moment might bring death.

It takes time for stones to drop five miles; even big as these were, which were coming up out of the volcano with an awful roar that must have been audible for a great distance away.

As for the slow-flowing lava, there was no danger to be anticipated from that, for in another moment they were bound to pass in under the cliffs.

With the speed of the wind the Success shot in under the cliffs, and in an instant it was darkness, with the water surging around them, roaring like a Niagara, while behind them, heard even above the sound of the water, was the splash and hiss of the red-hot stones as they struck down into the fiord.

"By thunder, this is business!" gasped the engineer, pressing the electric button which controlled the lighting apparatus of the Success.

It was high time to light up, for the darkness was intense, but the light showed them little or nothing ahead but black rocks, rushing water and impenetrable gloom beyond.

"All eyes forward! Everybody on the lookout!" cried Mr. Cole. "One may see what the other don't. I suppose you all know what we are likely to run up against? If there is any fellow here big fool enough not to understand what I mean I'm not going to stop to explain."

Drake knew, but he was not talking just then.

He was looking for what Mr. Cole was looking for, the red glow of the volcano ahead. He was satisfied in his own mind that the water ran right down into that awful crater, and that they were doomed to find their death there.

He had said as much to Harry, who had been awakened and now stood on one side of him, and to Dora, who stood on the other, and there with Mr. Cole gazing over their shoulders, all three stood looking ahead, waiting and watching for their final doom.

Ten minutes passed. No chance yet; not one ray of light ahead, but before the quarter hour had passed it came; first a faint muddy glow, then light flashing upon the rocks in the distance, and then a dull, roaring sound awful to listen to.

"It's coming!" said Dora, the first to speak.

"That's what it is," said Mr. Cole, in a hollow voice. "If any one wants to do any praying before the end comes, now is the time."

"Pass the word to the boys. Tell them to brace up and prepare for the worst," ordered Drake.

Harry opened the pilot-house door and did it, and not a word was spoken after that, for the roaring increased so rapidly and to such an extent that it soon became impossible to hear oneself speak.

The light increased, too; from a ruddy glow it became an intensely bright red radiance with flashes of yellow mixed in. It seemed to strike directly across their path, but what encouraged Drake was the fact that it did not seem to rise up from the water, but rather to be reflected from the left.

He pressed another electric button then as hope came creeping into his heart.

This connected with a large and powerful searchlight on the bow of the Success, which now flashed out, illuminating the water for a considerable distance ahead.

"Hooray!" shouted Mr. Cole. "Stupid in me not to have thought of that before. That's the talk!"

Drake could just hear him above the awful roaring, but he never removed his eyes from the window. He was determined to be the first to discover cause for hope, if there was any to be had.

It came a moment later. Suddenly Drake saw a vast opening in the rocky wall on their left. Behind the opening the red light glowed like a furnace. Great stones and fiery tongues of flame could be seen shooting upward, mingled with streams of lava which looked like red-hot iron, but outside of the wall the water still flowed on.

"There is the crater!" yelled Drake. "The water don't run into it! Send the boys below, Harry. We may pass it and live!"

Harry flung open the door and gave the word, but the boys had already seen what was coming and were on the move.

"Shall we escape, do you think?" Drake shouted in Mr. Cole's ear, "or will the heat be great enough to melt down the ironwork of the boat?"

"We shall escape," answered the engineer. "We shall fly past it all right, and now let me tell you something, Drake. I took five drops out of that bottle you gave me twenty minutes ago and I'm still alive."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

Drake did not answer in spite of the intense interest he felt in the engineer's disclosure, for his whole attention was riveted upon the glowing crater of the volcano.

The heat was now becoming intense. A few moments more would decide their fate, so far as the volcano was concerned.

The moment came at last, and past that awful opening they flew with blistering faces and parched tongues, and the glass of the pilot-house window cracking and on the side toward the crater actually melting away.

It was over!

They had left this danger behind them and were running on into the darkness, apparently unharmed.

Turning the wheel over to Harry, Drake, with a shout of triumph, burst out of the pilot-house and ran to look down upon the side of the ice breaker which had been turned toward the fire to see if it had experienced any damage, but he could not see that it was injured at all.

Mr. Cole and Dora joined him, and all the boys came flocking up, and for a few moments there was such confusion that Drake could scarcely hear himself speak.

"It's all right for a while, and I think the speed at which we are going is not so great!" he shouted to the engineer. "I want to speak to you a minute. Come down into the cabin where we can talk."

Mr. Cole followed him below.

"Is it really so?" asked Drake. "Have you actually taken some of that stuff out of the steward's bottle?"

"That's what I have," replied Mr. Cole. "When I say I'll do a thing I do it. There is no mincing matters with me."

"And what was the result? How do you feel?"

"There hasn't been any result. I don't feel any way different from what I usually do. Drake, I think we can safely try the stuff on Jellison and the old man."

Drake thought so, too, and they lost no time in doing it, making the experiment with Professor Phinney first.

There was no apparent change except that the professor's breathing seemed to grow a bit stronger. They then gave Captain Jellison his dose, and the result was much the same.

"I don't think there is anything in it," sighed Mr. Cole. "I guess Hooks has fooled us—that's all."

Just then a wild shout heard on deck sent them flying up out of the cabin in a big hurry.

They found the boys wild with enthusiasm, as well they might be, for now apparently all danger had passed and the Success was once more in the open, moving swiftly along through a broad channel between vast fields of ice.

Of course, everybody was overjoyed. The mountains were growing smaller behind them, and still that wonderful current was carrying them on.

"Hooray!" cried Mr. Cole. "We are out of our troubles now! We have just simply gone through the mountain, and, by gracious, I for one am glad to see the ice again, and to be out of that infernal Polar sea."

"Polar sea? What Polar sea? What do you mean? What has happened? How long have I slept?" exclaimed a voice, and to the amazement of all there stood Professor Phinney, bare-headed, his long hair flying in the breeze and his face wearing a deeply puzzled expression as he looked back at the mountains behind them.

* * * * *

The end of the troubles on the ice breaker had come, sure enough. From that moment forward and for several weeks later nothing which could strictly be termed a remarkable adventure occurred.

Steward Hooks' drops had restored Professor Phinney to life and health, and the mixture, whatever its true nature may have been, did the same for Captain Jellison. Inside of a few hours the captain was in command of the Success again.

It was with the deepest regret that Professor Phinney heard the strange story which Drake had to tell.

That he should have remained unconscious through all those remarkable happenings and never even have had one glimpse of the open Polar sea, was indeed a great cross to the worthy man.

Had they discovered the North Pole?

Nobody could tell.

The latitude that they were now in was eighty-seven degrees north, which made it seem extremely probably that the Success had actually passed over that mysterious point on the earth's surface which daring navigators have so long sought in vain.

But there was no returning—that was impossible. The open channel continued with them for two full weeks. Then it was field ice, which the crushers of the Success easily broke up. At last it was the Arctic Ocean again.

But on the Greenland side—oh, no!

The Success had crossed over to the extreme northwest coast of America, and was now near Behring Straits. The mysterious current continued with them, only by no means in such powerful form. It was the well-known Arctic current, and nothing else.

At last there came a day when the Success dropped anchor in the harbor of Sitka, Alaska, where the ice breaker attracted great attention, of course.

From Sitka the next move was to San Francisco, and here the Success was laid up for repairs. Professor Phinney deciding to remain in California to take out his patents, the boys were all paid off and paid most liberally, and such as desired to go East were sent through by rail.

Captain Jellison and Mr. Cole remained with the Success still under pay, as it is Professor Phinney's intention to return to the Arctic later on.

Harry Horner and Drake went East. Dora Glaston, having friends in San Francisco, decided to remain on the Pacific Coast.

Drake parted with his chum in Buffalo, which was Harry's former home, and went straight on to New York, where he at once proceeded to state his case to one of the most noted lawyers in the city.

To his amazement, Drake found that the will given him by the dying steward was entirely valueless. Not because it was not actually the last will and testament of his grandfather, but for the reason that his uncle George J. Goulding had dropped dead of heart disease some two months before. He died a childless widower, and as he left no will, Drake was his only heir, and, as a matter of fact, the boy had been advertised for during several weeks.

Thus Drake found himself suddenly in possession of over three million dollars.

If you ask what he proposes to do with it, of course we cannot tell, for it is a new experience for the boy, and as yet he scarcely knows himself.

Next week's issue will contain "THAT BOY OF BROWN'S: OR, THE WRECK OF THE DENVER MAIL." By Berton Bertrew.

CURRENT NEWS

There are 1,960 poor students "working their way" through Harvard.

In the poultry show at La Crosse, Wis., recently, a prize winning Plymouth Rock rooster picked a \$200 ruby from a ring worn by the poultry judge and swallowed it. The judge offered \$200 for the bird which had his ruby but the owner refused the offer. The judge then offered \$400, the combined value of the bird and the stone, but this offer also was refused and the rooster kept the ruby to use as common grit.

The flying-boat built by Glenn H. Curtiss has been successfully tested at Hammondsport, N. Y. In the climbing test, the machine rose to an altitude of 1,200 feet in 6 1-2 minutes. The average speed was 54.8 miles an hour in a 10-mile wind blowing diagonally across the course. During a two-hour duration test, a total weight of 900 pounds was carried, which included the weight of the aviator and passenger.

The coldest inhabited place in the world is undoubtedly Verkhoyansk, in northeastern Siberia, with a mean annual temperature of less than 3 degrees above zero, and a winter minimum of the remarkable temperature of 85 below. Verkhoyansk is in the north latitude 66 2/3 degrees on the great Arctic plain, scarcely more than 150 feet above the level of the sea. Probably there would be no town there if it were not necessary to Russian governmental purposes to have an administrative center for a region where many thrifty Yakuts, the fur traders, carry on their operations.

The auto bandit gang that for months has terrorized Chicago has been betrayed to the police—and eighteen members named—by Robert Webb, self-confessed leader and slayer of Policeman Peter Hart. He had been promised clemency. Webb was driven to robbery and murder by "loan sharks," according to his own statements and to evidence found in his rooms. After he got in the hands of the money lenders Webb gave up attempts to earn an honest living. He always had good references from his employers. Many "loan shark" receipts were found among Webb's papers.

Some \$23,000 worth of wines and other liquor was destroyed recently in New York, by order of Excise Commissioner Farley, whose men had seized it in raids. The first scene of destruction was the street in front of the warehouse at 6 First street, where thirty-two barrels, 2,200 bottles, and fourteen demijohns had been gathered for the sacrifice. Eight inspectors attacked the collection with sledgehammers and the gutters were soon running with fragrant liquid. The second scene of destruction was in West Fifty-sixth street, where \$15,000 worth of cordials and Italian wines were spilled from the roof of a warehouse. All this destruction had been waiting pending court decisions, following the excise raids on unlicensed places.

An apparatus has been devised in France which, if all that is claimed for it is substantiated, may have an important bearing on the aeroplane as an engine of war. General Hirschauer, of the flying corps, has received a communication from the inventor of the apparatus, Dr. Cousin, a scientist, who has recently been experimenting on this device with Jules Vedrines, the aviator. He informs General Hirschauer that the apparatus, which is small and simple and can be carried in a soldier's knapsack, by provoking disturbances of the air will cause any type of aeroplane to capsize, even if it has ascended to a height of more than 9,000 feet.

Reports current today in Austrian shipping circles indicate that the German Atlantic steamship pool is preparing to wage a fierce rate war against the new Trieste-Montreal service about to be inaugurated by the Canadian Pacific Company. There is little prospect, steamship men say, that the shipping conference to be held in Berlin shortly will result in any agreement. Emigrants probably will be the chief beneficiaries of the rate war, as the steerage rates are likely to be reduced to \$10 before the conflict ends. In the meanwhile the Canadian company is arranging to begin a monthly service in March, increasing the sailing dates of its vessels as the traffic requires. The company is opening thirty-two emigration offices in various centers of Austria, especially at the chief points along the Russian frontier, hoping thereby to obtain a share of the large emigration traffic that has hitherto been monopolized by the German lines.

Including the thousand tourists who left recently on the cruisers Victoria Luise and Laurentic for Panama, it has been given as a conservative estimate that 5,000 Americans have gone to see the great canal since January 1 this year, and by April the number will have increased to fully 15,000. This includes passengers of the semi-weekly service of the United Fruit Company from New York and its weekly service from New Orleans to Colon, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company bi-weekly service from New York, and the weekly service of the Hamburg-American and Panama Steamship companies. Both the Laurentic and the Victoria Luise had been sold out for the last four weeks, and each liner had a waiting list of 400 persons wanting to book passages. The cold snap lately caused such a demand for berths at the White Star and Hamburg-American offices that each cruiser could have had more than double her complement if she had been able to carry them away. The difficulty the steamship companies find in landing a number of tourists on the Isthmus of Panama is that outside of the government hotel at Ancon are few good hotels in Panama. James B. Regan is going to purchase a site for a hotel on the road leading to the Savannas from the city, which is well above sea level and overlooks the Pacific Ocean.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

—OR—

THE HERO OF THE 7th

By J. P. RICHARDS.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER I (continued)

The latter named was the only child of the rich Judge May, whose magnificent home, Lynwood, situated a short distance from Albany, was famous far and near for its beauty. It may have been the many golden dollars that had passed from the millionaire's pocket into the school, or it may have been pure friendship, but be it whatever it may, his daughter was Madam La Rue's favorite pupil, ever though she caused her more trouble than all the other girls together.

Freda May was beautiful, with that fresh, radiant beauty of youth, which one always likens to a dew-kissed rose. Her eyes were a rich wine-brown, veiled by long dark silken lashes, her hair a rare shade of bronze, that gleamed red and gold whenever the sun struck it, and her skin, soft as a creamy lily, was relieved from paleness by the dash of crimson in either rounded cheek. She made those who saw her think of a flawless ruby—all warmth and color and sparkle. In the seventeen years of her life, she had not known a single care. Every wish had been gratified, she had never been denied anything she wanted, and she lived for but one object—fun.

Her boon companion and especial friend, Winona Avery, was beautiful too, but of an entirely different type. To look into her innocent blue eyes that seemed always to be asking a question, one would never dream of the amount of mischief planned in the graceful head covered with short baby curls of bright gold. Her complexion was tinted like a sea shell and when she laughed, she showed a row of pearly teeth that would have bewitched an admirer. Her home was in New York, her father, Col. Louis Avery, although far from being poor was able to give her an education and dress her, and that was about all. She was as great a favorite in the school as Freda, and the girls were all bewailing the fact that in a few weeks their two pets would graduate and leave the Seminary.

The disturbance her remark to Miss Coffeen had created, had somewhat subsided, but she was busy racking her brain, trying to think of some new mischief, when chancing to look up she saw the two young men she and Freda admired coming back that way.

"Here they come again, Freda," she said in a whisper. "They are going right by us. I hope to goodness old Coffin will look the other way. Oh, say, that one with the curly hair is handsomer than I thought he was at first. I wish I knew him, for I'll wager a box of gloves that he is a jolly good fellow."

Freda was looking innocently at the band straight ahead of her, apparently absorbed in the music, and did not seem to see the young men approaching, but just as they were opposite, her dainty lacetrimmed handkerchief fluttered from her hand to the ground.

Jack Navarro stooped down, and picking up the cobweb affair, returned it to its beautiful owner with a bow and

smile that would have done credit to a Beau Brummel. Their hands met for a single second, and as he resumed his walk once more, his pulses thrilled and his handsome face flushed hotly. His friend noticed his silence, and, looking at him, asked, laughingly:

"What is the matter, Jack? Smitten already by one of the little beauties in blue? By Jove! old man, I believe you have met your fate at last!"

"I am inclined to think I have, Dick," he answered, frankly. "I never saw such a pair of eyes before in my life. They look right into a fellow's heart, providing he has one, and set every vein in his body leaping. I wonder who she is, anyway? Some school-girl out on a lark, I suppose. Maybe I am a fool, but I would like to know that girl."

"She is beautiful," Dick Burnett said, thoughtfully. "But according to my thinking the other one is the prettiest—the girl with the golden hair. I wonder if they are sisters. They are dressed alike, and yet there is not the slightest resemblance between them. And that sour-looking female watches them as a cat watches a mouse."

"Well, old man, I am afraid that we will have to give up all thoughts of knowing either one," Jack returned. "And perhaps it will be just as well, for as a general thing school girls are better to look at than they are to converse with. We can remember them now as the two pretty girls in blue, while if we talked with them we might possibly be disenchanted."

It was all very well for him to talk in that strain, but he did not mean a single word he uttered. And Dick Burnett, though he tried to think of something else, saw before him a pair of innocent blue eyes and a graceful little head, crowned by a mass of short, golden curls.

Meanwhile, Freda whispering to her comrade to keep Miss Coffeen's attention engaged for a few moments, had slipped away and gone down to the banks of the river, where upon a bluff grew a shrub loaded with a mass of pink blossoms. She had seen them the moment she landed from the boat, and was determined to have some of them to carry back to the seminary with her.

She reached the bluff, and standing upon the very edge, stretched out one hand for an overhanging branch, clinging with the other to the small rough trunk. It was dusk, and not being able to see plainly, she overestimated the strength of the shrub, for there was a crackling sound, then a sharp snap, and with a wild shriek of terror she felt herself falling, and the next instant the water closed over her head, drowning her cry for help.

A chorus of frightened cries suddenly arose, filling the night air with shrill echoes, for the girls, hearing her cry for help, all rushed down to the edge of the river, where they stood helplessly wringing their hands, shrieking for some one to save Freda, for Freda was drowning before their eyes, and not one among them could help her.

CHAPTER II.

THE HERO OF COMPANY D.

Jack Navarro heard that babel of frightened excited voices, and with the speed of a deer he reached the spot where the girls were huddled together, crying and sobbing, none of them knowing what to do.

(To be Continued)

NEWS PARAGRAPHS

Just now the British shipbuilding yards are experiencing an extraordinary run of prosperity. The total tonnage of all ships under construction for merchant and navy service reaches the huge total of 2,466,940 tons, of which about 500,000 tons consists of warships for the British and other navies. In 1909, a period of depression, 764,520 tons of merchant ships was built, or rather was under construction. To-day there is under construction 1,970,065 tons of merchant ships.

The city of Boston is to be congratulated on its enterprise in appropriating \$3,000,000 for the construction of a drydock capable of taking the largest ocean liners. The construction of such a dock at New York has been the subject of much talk but little action. A 1,000 foot dock is liable to be at any time most urgently needed. Had the "Titanic" been able to crawl into New York harbor, she might have had to stay here indefinitely; for there is not a dock in the country that could accommodate her.

Ashland County, Ohio, boasts a hen that gives a premium with her breakfast food. Unlike the goose that laid the golden egg, however, the by-product of this hen is a domestic convenience which every housewife would appreciate. Frank Reep and Otto Hornburger were eating breakfast the other day when Reep cut open a hard boiled egg. Inside, firmly imbedded through both yolk and white, was a safety pin. Half of the egg, with the pin still in place, was retained, and is open to inspection by all doubters.

The three-story, 250-pound wedding cake that graced the table when Miss Vivian Gould married Lord Decies, on February 7, 1911, was paid for the other day by a \$2,500 check of George J. Gould, father of the bride. The designer and builder of this monumental confection was Mrs. Helen Brown, who died soon after she presented her \$3,000 bill. It appears there was a dispute over the amount due, and Mr. Gould was unable to pay the bill until some one was appointed to take charge of the dead woman's estate. Miss Carlie L. Rosenham, as administratrix, agreed to settle the claim for \$2,500.

On May 14 the world's largest steamship, the "Imperator," is due at this port. She is 919 feet long. The longest permanent piers on the Manhattan side of the Hudson River are 825 feet long; and these are leased by the Cunard Company. The White Star Company dock the "Olympic" at an 800-foot pier, which has been temporarily lengthened to 900 feet; but the extension must ultimately be removed. On the Jersey side the North German Lloyd has a 900-foot pier. The Hamburg-American Line, owners of the "Imperator," have an 850-foot pier. To dock the big ship this pier will be lengthened to 950 feet. Secretary Stimson's recent decision provides for 1,000-foot piers.

NOTES OF EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

Night schools of scientific agriculture are proving a popular feature with the farmers of western Michigan.

Ohio University announces a "quartet of new forces" in the State Normal College. The rural school and the Department of Agriculture are two of these forces upon which special emphasis is laid, since they represent a definite step in remedying the urgent problem of rural-school facilities.

Harold W. Foght, of the United States Bureau of Education, is now in Denmark, studying rural schools with a view to adapting as much as possible of Danish experience to the American country-school problem. He is accompanied on the trip by William H. Smith, rural-school supervisor, Mississippi; and L. L. Friend, supervisor of high schools of West Virginia.

The Phelps-Stokes lectures on the negro problem, given at the University of Virginia this year, included the following subjects: Race relationships in the South; black-belt negro labor in slavery and freedom—its efficiency and its cost; the economic negro; the public-health relation of the race problem in the South. The aim of these lectures is "to arouse a scientific interest in the better adjustment of the negro to American civilization."

Superintendent Joyner, of North Carolina, is making a strong plea for better educational facilities for that state. Among other things he urges that women be made eligible to serve on school boards, in order that the schools may have the benefit of their peculiar fitness for the work of education. He declares: "By nature and temperament, and because of their strategic position in the home and in the training of childhood, women are vitally concerned and deeply interested in the work of the schools."

Tennessee spent nearly twice as much money last year for high school purposes as the year before, and the actual number of high school buildings increased one-third. Other significant increases reported by the state high school inspector are: Enrollment, 46 per cent. increase during the year; daily attendance, 47 per cent. increase; length of average term, ten days more than the year before; and teachers, 65 per cent. more. In the meantime the average cost of high school tuition has been reduced from \$4 to \$3.96 per month.

The Buffalo, N. Y., Chamber of Commerce is leading in a movement to organize vocational training and vocational guidance in direct connection with the industrial, educational, and social needs of the city. Under the leadership of the chamber a committee composed of business men, school men, and social workers is making a preliminary survey of the city preparatory to mapping out a definite program. The work is under the immediate supervision of E. W. Weaver, vocational director of the Brooklyn Boys' High School.

On the Wheel for a Fortune

—OR—

The Wonderful Adventures of a Boy Bicyclist

By WILLIAM WADE.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER I (continued)

But still the stranger hung at his side; he could not shake him off. On, on they raced, thus panting deeply, wet with sweat, their eyes bulging, their faces red, veritable young gladiators of the flying wheel.

Nearer and yet nearer they came to the town.

Without looking at his companions, Horace could tell by his deep breathing that the latter was yet close at his side.

A flag had been run up at a corner of the town, which marked the line which the racing wheelmen had to cross.

Presently Horace caught sight of the flag. Like a good general, who keeps a reserve force of men back for a crisis in battle, Horace had not as yet quite done his best.

He had strength and wind in reserve.

As he saw the flag he set his teeth, and suddenly let out all there was in him, in the way of speed, strength and endurance.

He shot forward like an arrow from the bow. He heard an exclamation of surprise, but he did not look back. After that he saw nothing, heard nothing, until a rousing cheer greeted him, and he shot by the flagstaff under the wire the winner of the safety race, at the fastest time ever made in the West.

Congratulations were showered upon the hero of the great race. He modestly received the ovation. Then came the return.

At the newspaper office in St. Louis the kodak pictures taken by the several racers were duly counted and inspected.

Horace had four more snap shot photos to his credit than his closest competitor, and as most of them were fairly good, he was awarded the engagement as bicycle tourist for The Globe.

What a red letter day that was in the boy's life? How the members of his wheelman's club cheered when the decision was announced; how he hastened to escape from his friends and go home; how happy he was when he told his mother of his success and witnessed her joy!

The next day Horace said good-by to his mother, and attended for some distance by his enthusiastic friends, he set out upon his journey "a-wheel."

He was well equipped with a blanket that was waterproof, a serviceable corduroy bicycle suit, with cap of the same, and stout and heavy stockings. He carried, besides his kodak, a brace of revolvers, a bicycle lantern, and some few other articles. Also, we should not omit to mention a small sum of money, advanced him by the newspaper.

Horace felt as proud and happy as a new Columbus, setting out to discover unknown worlds.

But with the first part of his journey, which was devoid of incident or adventure, save those of too commonplace

a kind to deserve special note, we need not concern ourselves.

One evening some days later, just at nightfall, Horace arrived at a straggling hamlet, at no great distance from Silver City, Nevada.

He made his way directly to the one hotel in the village, and then found that it was crowded with guests.

The landlord assured him that he had only one small room empty. The lad secured the room by paying an extra price, and at an early hour, having seen his wheel locked up in the baggage room, he went to his quarters.

But he had not retired when he heard an angry voice in conversation with the landlord outside the door.

"I told you I'd probably be back here for the night, and I'm going to have my room. You say it's only a boy who has taken it. Leave it to me, and I'll soon rout him out," said the voice.

The tones were harsh and bullying.

The country was lawless in those days, and desperadoes flourished. But the stranger's words and tone aroused all that was aggressive in Horace's nature. He meant to protect his own rights, and yet he had no wish to become involved in an altercation.

The stranger was soon at Horace's door and demanded admission. Horace replied:

"I have heard what you said to the landlord, and now let me tell you, I have paid for this room, which will accommodate but one, and I do not propose to give it up."

"Then I'll break down the door, my bantam," was the retort.

"I am armed, and if you try to force your way in I'll shoot."

The man outside replied growlingly, indistinctly, and stepped back a few paces.

Horace leaped lightly upon a chair, and looked through the little ventilator above the door.

He saw the would-be intruder quite plainly, by the hall light. He was a burly, roughly dressed man, who wore top boots, a wide hat, and a belt of arms about his waist. He was dark, with clear cut features, sharp eyes, and he wore a huge black mustache. His dark hair fell upon his shoulders. The boy thought him a very brigandish looking personage.

As he looked the fellow glanced up and saw him.

"I don't mean to kick up a row with you here, for it don't suit my purpose, Master Bantam, but we may meet again, and then you'll regret this action."

His tones and the look which accompanied them conveyed a threat much more serious than his words.

Horace saw the stranger stalk away and disappear at the end of the hall, but he made no reply, and he rather regretted the episode. Still, as he was naturally brave and self-reliant, he experienced little fear.

Horace was not troubled again that night, and when he went below stairs in the morning the landlord told him that the unpleasant stranger had left at daybreak.

"Do you know him?" asked the boy.

"No, I never saw him until the day before yesterday. He registered under the names of James Smith, but likely as not that is not his name. He looked like a ruffian from the mines," said the landlord.

(To be Continued)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

The new railway station at Leipzig, stated to be the largest in Europe, was opened on February 1, in Leipzig, which is in the Kingdom of Saxony. Leipzig is near the border of Prussia, and state prejudices are still evident in the new station. Only Prussian porters are permitted to carry luggage from Prussian trains and only Saxon porters from Saxon trains.

Navy officers fear embarrassment to the government in the announcement that the Marconi company has contracted for a great wireless station at Honolulu as part of a globe-girdling plan of that company. A wireless plant there, the officers say, would interfere seriously with a similar plant of the government, should the United States decide to erect one. After further tests of the Arlington station here it is probable that a station will be installed in the Panama Canal Zone, and officials said to-day the next logical place for a station would be at Honolulu. The Marconi company is said to contemplate erecting other stations at Belinas, California; Belmar, New Jersey, and on the Massachusetts coast.

Contracts were signed recently by Montgomery Ward & Co., Inc., of Chicago, with the New York Dock Company for the leasing of a six-story building on a plot 460x80 feet, together with miscellaneous space, totalling 500,000 feet. The lease is for a long term of years and the aggregate rental is more than \$1,000,000. Possession will be taken on March 1. The property leased is in the Atlantic Basin section and is situated on Hamilton Avenue, facing the railroad and waterfront. The coming of this mail order house to Brooklyn, N. Y., will doubtless cause a pressing demand for housing facilities in proximity to its headquarters, and in consequence real estate men are already at work inducing builders to prepare quarters for the army of employees, estimated at 10,000, to whom it is expected the company will ultimately give employment.

As a result of establishing the Postal Savings Bank system in the United States, according to reports received by Postmaster General Hitchcock, the international postal money order business decreased by nearly \$12,000,000 in the past year. This is taken to mean that the foreign population is depositing its savings in the Postal Savings Bank, instead of sending money orders home to Europe. During this period the aggregate amount sent abroad has dropped to \$97,000,000, as compared with \$109,000,000 sent the year before. The international business increased at the rate of about \$17,000,000 a year during the two years before the Postal Savings system was established in this country. During the eight years before that the normal increase was about \$9,000,000 a year. The experience of the last two years, according to the Post Office Department, has shown that comparatively little money deposited in the Postal Savings Banks has been withdrawn from private banks. Instead, the system has drawn from hiding places

large sums put there either through lack of confidence in banks or because little encouragement had been given by existing institutions to persons who wished to open small savings accounts. The system has proved especially valuable in communities where there are no savings banks, and in those having a large foreign-born population. The total deposits in the 13,000 offices now are about \$35,000,000.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—Dr. Friederich Franz Friedmann, of Berlin, has arrived in this country for the purpose of trying out his cure on 200 tuberculous sufferers in New York. The million dollar fee unselfishly and generously offered by Mr. Charles Finley, president of the Aetna National Bank, of that city, the sole condition attaching to the munificent fee being that Dr. Friedmann shall cure a certain percentage of the sufferers, has been rejected by the doctor. From every section of the United States there has come an imperative demand upon Congress for full information on this subject, and the victims of this dreadful disease numbering several millions of people, old and young, and of both sexes, are besieging Congressmen to secure for them all possible data bearing upon Dr. Friedmann's cure.

The potential help of President Taft and of the Department of State has also been invoked by physicians everywhere, who feel that if this treatment which has been alleged to have succeeded so well in Germany is known in this country, similar beneficial effects will assuredly follow its work here. The result of this nation-wide agitation has been the preparation of Dr. Friedmann's lecture for public use by Congress, with the hope that its circulation will be of material help in aiding family physicians in combating the disease until Dr. Friedmann has finished his course of treatment of the 200 tuberculous patients in New York.

In Dr. Friedmann's lecture he stated that the new remedy would not only cure cases of tuberculosis which were already well defined, but also that he could prevent the disease by inoculation, especially in small children. There already exists up to the present time various preparations called "sera" by the injection of which tuberculosis has been fought. The first serum was made by the celebrated Robert Koch, and consisted of dead tuberculosis bacilli. The other preparations which have appeared since were also obtained by the emulsion of the dead tuberculosis bacilli.

The preparation of Dr. Friedmann consists of living non-virulent bacilli taken from cold-blooded animals, such as turtles; that is to say, of living tuberculosis bacilli which have lost their virulence or poisonous quality if injected into the human body.

Dr. Friedmann claims that he has treated many hundred cases by himself and with the assistance of several Berlin physicians, and has had a great success.

The real secret of his preparation will not be disclosed by Dr. Friedmann until his treatment in New York City has produced his anticipated results.

FAR FROM HOME

DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR DISPATCHES ON TALES TOLD ABROAD—MOVIES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

By ROBERT M. McWADE.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—Despatches from Spain to the State Department report that the cinematograph theaters in Barcelona have become very popular, and new ones are constantly coming into existence in all parts of that famous city. They add that "these theaters are crowded at almost any time of the day, especially on Sundays, when thousands of people can be seen waiting outside until they can obtain entrance.

"The price of admission tends to make these theaters popular, being in most cases 2 to 5 cents in the smaller ones, and 5 to 10 cents in larger ones. In addition, a number of 'cines' have three or four variety numbers on the programme. It is calculated that the total number of 'cines' at present is between 55 and 60.

"Consequently, the market for films in Barcelona is unusually good. Most of the 'cines' change their programmes partly or entirely every day, and, therefore, the number of films used is considerable. Upon an average, six sessions are given daily, one session lasting one hour and a half on week days, and one hour on Sundays and holidays. The number of films shown during each session is about eight. Dramas and melodramas are the most popular, and it is safe to say that 20 out of 30 films shown are of this nature, the balance consisting principally of comical and historical events, and occasionally views of foreign countries, or nature studies.

"American films are fairly well represented here, among the most popular being the Vitagraph, Edison, etc. Italian films are mostly in use, followed, in order, by French and American. A film factory has been established in Barcelona; but the number of films turned out does not appear to be very large. It is complained that American makes are too long and complicated; and that, for this reason, they do not find general favor among the public. But the Barcelonians are getting bravely over that, and beginning to like anything American.

"Owing to the average intelligence of the class of people who frequent the cheaper theaters, of which the number is great, it is necessary that plots of the dramatic and comical films shall be very simple, as otherwise they are not understood. The average length of the films used here is 600 to 750 feet.

"All films are imported into Barcelona through the French frontier and first shown in this city, after which they are sent to other important cities, as Madrid, Valencia, Bilbao, etc., from whence they are again sent to the smaller towns and villages. The duty is 3 pesetas (54c.) per kilo (2.2 pounds).

"That amount is refunded on re-exportation, after sufficient proof has been furnished to the customs' officers as to the identity of the film. A certificate of the chief of police, or other local authority in the city where the fac-

tory is located, is accepted. It rarely happens, however, that films are re-exported for the reason that they are generally worn out and useless after their long course of circulation in the country."

AMONG THE BRITISHERS AND GERMANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Despatches from Cape Town intimate that there's a monopoly in the moving picture business in South Africa, and that it has been in existence for several years. Neither the Outlanders nor the temporarily-resident Britishers appear to trouble themselves much on that matter, although, as a rule, John Bull does not like to have either his industries or his amusements crowded into the hands of a few speculators, or others. The Department's reports say that "there are no film exchanges in South Africa, and there are few firms hiring out picture machines.

"The picture machines are owned by the parties operating them, and the films are purchased outright either from Europe or the United States by the promoters of the picture shows. It is suggested that the location of a depot at Johannesburg, or Cape Town, where films and machines could be hired out, would induce quite a number of wealthy people to become interested in these shows, so that even in small towns picture theaters would become popular.

"The class of shows given in Cape Town are somewhat higher than the average show given in the smaller cities and towns in the United States, and a picture show entertainment to attract crowds here can not be made up entirely of comic or fanciful pictures. The admission charged in Cape Town is 12 cents. Each theater seats approximately 250 people, and is usually closely packed every evening. The afternoon shows, of which two are given, while not so popular as the evening shows, are well attended."

It should be stated at this point, that the prime reason for the price of admission being 12 cents is that everything costs high in that section, and, in point of fact, all through South Africa. Almost everything in use there comes either from Germany or England, and it is nothing new to see "Made in Germany," in plain type, on the labels of the bottles containing "Scotch" whiskey!

The despatches go on to say that "there seems to be no good reason for supposing that so-called 'dead stock' if shipped to Cape Town for distribution on hire throughout South Africa would not command a ready and certain demand. The only drawback is that the picture shows in all South Africa are owned and controlled by about three persons; and it would be necessary to get some picture machines in use before there would be a demand for the stock.

"The firms conducting picture theaters have immense stocks of films on hand, and constant supplies coming forward by each week's mail. These firms are willing to sell the films they have used at a very low price; but they are not willing to let them out on hire."

CINEMATOGRAPH TRADE IN MALTA—BADLY-EDITED AND INCORRECTLY TRANSLATED FILMS HURT BUSINESS

The Secretary of State is in receipt of quite a lot of exceedingly interesting statements respecting the harm done to the cinematograph business in foreign countries by badly-edited moving-picture films and by incorrect translations in foreign languages of the descriptions of

either the nature of the pictures or the titles of the characters depicted thereon. A little thought would seem enough to indicate to wideawake business houses and individuals the absolute necessity of avoiding such mistakes, yet there is, in some noteworthy instances, no such consideration given to the matter. It is proper to add that foreign manufacturers, particularly in Great Britain, Italy, France, Belgium, and Germany, are never charged with such grievous errors, for they are prompt to recognize the value and importance of cultivating any foreign trade, however promising, by careful and expert attention to all details. In that way, they lose no customers and conserve their trade even under the most disadvantageous circumstances. If it pays them to exercise such care and diligence, why should not our manufacturers profit by their wholesome experience?

In the lines of such mistakes, the diplomatic despatches significantly inform us that Malta is one of the chief sufferers. For instance, one diplomatist officially reports from there that:

"Badly-edited moving-picture films produced here have caused ridicule, or have not been understood. This poor preparation is less noticeable in the French and Italian films of their own production. While foreign houses secure the rights to American films, they sometimes write in explanations and headlines to elucidate the situations in the language of the country where the film is to be shown. These explanations are sometimes ridiculous, and at times positively harmful.

"A good example of the harmful kind was shown here. It was a cowboy and Indian scene of intrigue, deception, and fighting. The Indians were in the traditional Indian costume, and the cowboys wore their costume rather exaggerated for the occasion. The label of the firm stated that this picture had been taken in the United States—and that the actors wore the American national costume!

"Another similar case is cited. A scene of a holdup in 'the cow country,' in which several men were killed, a chase on horseback took place, and a lot of shooting was indulged in, had as a sub-title the statement that this was 'An Event in Regular Life in America.' Of course, I do not believe that any American firm labelled its products in this absurd and idiotic fashion, and can only suggest that American firms disposing of films to foreign firms should take steps to see that the editing is more intelligently done.

"Another means of making a film ridiculous is to send a film edited in one language to a country using another language, and leaving the local advertising to the local manager of a small picture theater who makes translations of that editing which produce wild and weird results.

"A foreign firm recently sent a film here entitled 'Customs of the Indian Castes.' One picture theater had it headlined as 'Customs of the Chaste Indians.' After seeing the picture, one wondered just what the moral code of the Indians had to do with it.

"Another foreign theater here went a step further, and its announcer gave to the film the title of 'The Costumes of the Indian Castes.' The 'costumes' of the Indians consisted, with monotonous uniformity, of about four yards of muslin to each Red Man. Those who saw the picture must have wondered that the company which made that film

should have taken the trouble to photograph such a woeful lack of variety.

"On another occasion, an Italian film had a headline indicating that a man had entered a girl's home and carried her away by force. By an incorrect translation into English, a disgusting expression was thrown on the canvas, which caused many women to leave the theater. The pictures themselves were perfectly moral, in fact, pointed a moral, and were of high grade of workmanship.

"As it is practically impossible here to know the methods of American firms in sending out their films, the bad results are pointed out with the hope that they can be remedied for the good of American manufacturers.

"In general, it may be added that films showing any of the natural wonders of the United States are enjoyed by the people of Malta. A recent picture of the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge was a pronounced success. American humorous pictures do not, as a rule, please so much as Italian and French pictures. The subjects of the latter are better known to the Maltese, and the customs of Italy and France better understood.

"American 'horseplay' is really incomprehensible to them. At an exhibition of the Jeffries-Johnson-fiasco pictures, Johnson is shown belaboring with the slab of a fence rail various newspapermen, and others, who had been captured by the crowd around the negro's camp, and brought struggling good-naturedly before him. This was quite incomprehensible to the Maltese, who inquired politely, but with apparently intense interest, 'Why is Signor Johnson striking the white gentlemen with that club?'

"'Horseplay' in connection with an American college hazing scene also failed to arouse a smile. The spectators did not know what it meant.

"It is the custom in Malta to give three films at each session, or 'performance.' The first is usually rather long, and is a love story or a drama. The second is usually a picture of some natural wonder, or descriptive of an industry, or a travel picture. The third is a farce. In the latter case, Italian and French pictures are popular. In more cases than not, the picture brings in at some stage a chase in which one after another joins, and ridiculous falls and other funny situations occur.

"There is music, and each performance is begun with really good music. Usually there are long pieces. A longer time is given to the music at each performance than is usual in the United States. Admission is 4 cents or 6 cents, when there is one vaudeville act.

"Moving pictures are popular in Malta, where there is very little amusement for the people after working hours. There are half a dozen picture theaters within 200 yards of Queens' Square in Valetta, and any number of such theaters in Sliema across the Marsamuscetto Harbor."

(Continued next week)

Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff, and a board of officers have recently selected a new sword, to be a standard for all arms of the service. It is designed both for cutting and thrusting and is similar to that used by Napoleon's cuirassiers. The blade is thirty-five and one-half inches long, is straight and narrower than the present curved sabre.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

A Bavarian glass polisher constructed a clock which goes in perfect order and keeps accurate time. The construction of this time recorder took him six years. The glass plates and pillars which form the framework are bolted together with glass screws. The dial plate, hands, shafts and cogwheels are of glass, and glass wedges and pins are used for fastening together the various parts of the running gear. Even the key by which it is wound is of glass. The construction of the remarkable timepiece was a matter of infinite pains. Some of the parts had to be made as many as forty times before a practicable clock could be produced.

The largest amount of money ever invested in an orange and olive grove north of Sacramento was the amount paid for the property of the Palermo Citrus Association of California, by Grinnell Burt, an attorney of New York. The sale has been closed and while the exact amount is not made public it is reported to be over \$100,000. Burt is a nephew of Howard Burt, who planted the mother orange tree at Bidwell's Bar in 1856. The property purchased has 78 acres in olives, 60 acres in Washington navel oranges and 22 acres of unimproved land with residence, packing shed, barns, etc. The orange and olive trees are in the best condition and for several years have brought large returns to the stockholders of the company.

The artificial, or stucco, marble is in the main part composed of gypsum, which should be hard, so that the product can be smoothed and polished. To the finely powdered and sieved burnt gypsum marble dust is often added and the mixture gaged with water in which mucilage has been dissolved. The colors and the streaks or veins, the able imitation of which is the main object in the manufacture of artificial marble, are added to the dry mixture, as mineral colors, or during the hardening of the finished product upon its surface by aid of chemical compositions. To obtain streaked slabs large balls of gypsum are kneaded with smaller ones of different colors, and from the ball so obtained thin slabs are cut, which are laid upon the still damp base and then subjected to high pressure. After hardening the slabs are planed. To avoid this toilsome operation of planing, a sheet of glass, highly polished and rubbed with oil, is used. Colored lines representing the veins are traced upon this sheet; then a 3-4-inch layer of a thick mixture of gypsum of the desired color is carefully poured over the glass and left to harden. After hardening the slab is carefully removed, and the surface next to the glass will be found to be absolutely smooth, and need no planing.

SEMI-INDUSTRIAL WORK IN A MODERN SCHOOL.

"The old-fashioned set course with cultural aims has caused many failures, produced hundreds of misfits, and driven innumerable boys and girls to leave school as soon

as the law will permit," declares Edwin I. Canine, superintendent of schools in East Chicago, in a statement addressed to the United States Commissioner of Education.

East Chicago is a city of cosmopolitan character and strong democratic tendencies, according to Superintendent Canine. There is no wealthy nor especially cultured class, and extreme poverty is unknown. His problem, therefore, was probably somewhat different from that of other school men. In his efforts to solve it he emphasizes certain special features, among which "semi-industrial work," a "maximum" plan of assigning school lessons, and a method of reducing the number of daily recitations, are conspicuous.

Semi-industrial classes were formed when it was found that some children, especially in grades five, six, and seven, appeared unable to carry the regular work, even after repeated trials. Special attention was given to these pupils. One-third or one-fourth of their time was spent in the manual training or domestic science department, where the work was made as practical as possible. Then the special teacher took them for about the same amount of time and coached them in the subjects of the grade in which they had failed. Under these conditions, Superintendent Canine reports, some of the boys passed not only the grade in which they had failed but the next grade as well. These semi-industrial classes are open also to children over fourteen years of age who have left school and are unemployed, and to those already at work who are permitted by foresighted employers to attend school part of the time.

The "maximum-minimum" plan of lesson assignment adopted in Superintendent Canine's system is an ingenious application of the principle "from each according to his abilities." The pupils do not all have the same amount to do. If the average pupils of the class are assigned fifteen problems in arithmetic, for instance, the slower pupils are assigned eight, ten, or twelve typical problems, while the brightest are asked to do twenty or more. The same principle is applied to geography and history, and to some extent to English.

Believing that the energies of the pupils are unnecessarily divided and dissipated by the constantly increasing number of school subjects, Superintendent Canine has devised a plan of reducing the number of studies. In the four lower grades literature, history, and nature study, instead of forming separate subjects in the curriculum, are combined in "language work." Other similar combinations are made throughout the course.

As in many American cities, the school work in East Chicago is by no means confined to the period of the conventional school term. The principals and industrial teachers are engaged for the full school year, so that they may carry on the summer work. In the summer session pupils may make up deficiencies; an exceptionally bright student may gain a grade; the industrial work is kept going (especially the home garden); and playground activities, under the supervision of trained directors, are at their height.



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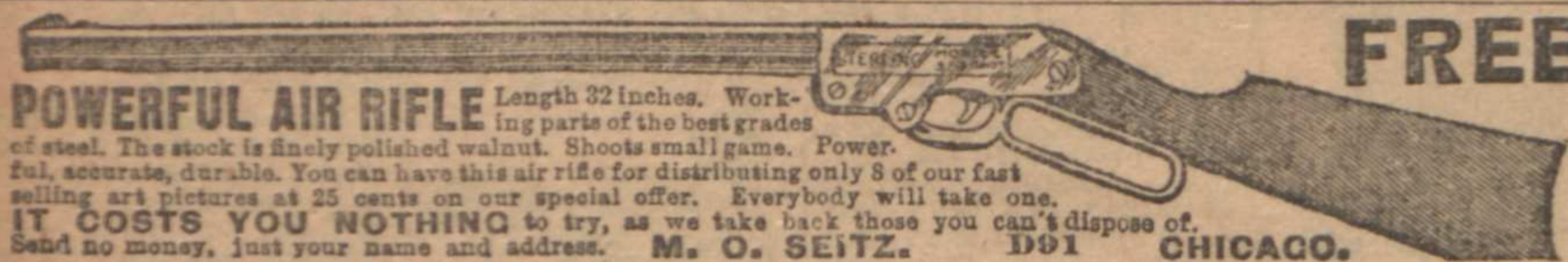
The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every Remington-UMC .22 repeater never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

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POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Working parts of the best grades of steel. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name and address. **M. O. SEITZ. D91 CHICAGO.**

FREE

TRICK FAN.



A lady's fan made of colored silk cloth. The fan may be used and then shut, and when it opens again, it falls in pieces; shut and open again and it is perfect, without a sign of a break. A great surprise for those not in the trick. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid. **M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.**

THE PHANTOM FINGER.



As these fingers are cast in moulds in which a person's fingers have been encased, they are a lifelike model of the same. The finger can be made to pass through a person's hat or coat without injury to the hat or garment. It appears to be your own finger. A perfect illusion. Price, 15c.; 2 for 25c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Money order or U. S. stamps. No coins.

PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



FREE BLUE ENAMELLED FLAG PIN.

Any letter hand engraved, and a catalog of Badge Pins, Jewelry, Tricks, Jokes and Puzzles. Send **TWO** cents to pay for postage and handling.

BEVERLY NOVELTY CO., 208J Beverly Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

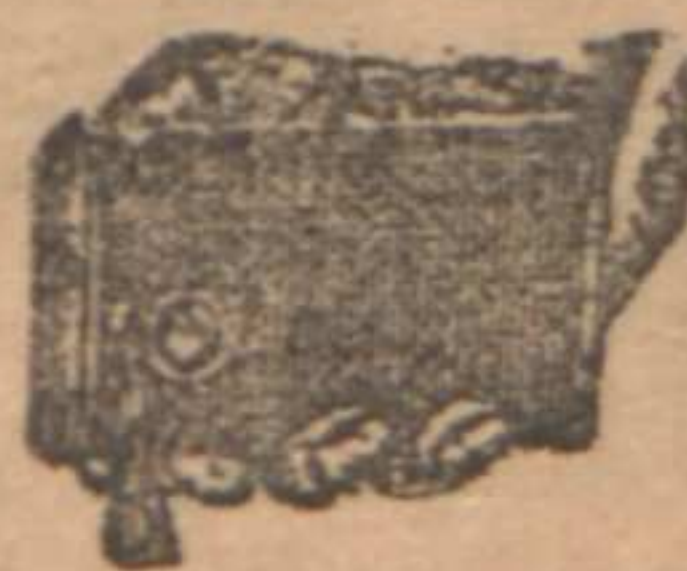
Ventriloquist Double Throat. Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. **Double Throat Co. Dpt. K Frenchtown, N. J.**

BOYS \$1.00 a day giving away a free package of big, grade Chewing Gum with each bunch of beautiful Easter Post Cards you sell. Send dime for complete details and big bunch of samples worth 25c. **LEON SMITH, Logan, W. Va.**

ART PICTURES OF AMERICAN BEAUTIES

Every admirer of feminine beauty should have these pictures. Will send two different designs for 10 different Beauties for 25c. Be sure to get them **10c** **CASEY ART CO., 26 Broadway, Mountain View, Okla.**

POCKET FLASH LIGHT SQUIRT.



Made of decorated enameled metal, representing an exact flash pocket lighter; by pressing a button instead of the bulb's eye, an electrically lighted up stream of water is ejected into the face of the spectator; an entirely new and amusing novelty.

Price, 35c., postpaid. **C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.**

EARLY TEACHING OF THE FRENCH.

Credit is given to Catholic missionaries for the first teaching of French in America, in a bulletin on modern languages just issued by the United States Bureau of Education. Dr. Handschin, author of the bulletin, shows that even before the English settlements were fairly started, the Jesuits were bringing their language and civilization into the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. In Louisiana French was first taught by the Ursuline nuns, who came from Rouen, France, in 1727. In their convent school they anticipated the demands of present-day language teachers by insisting that instruction both in French and English be not only "in theory, but in practice, the pupils being required to converse daily in both languages."

French was a favorite subject in the private schools of Colonial days and later. Thomas Jefferson studied French in the school of a certain Mr. Douglass. In Franklin's "Academy of Philadelphia" it was taught as a private outside study until 1754, when a professor of French and German was appointed. In 1790 "The Boarding School (in Bethlehem, Pa.) for the Education of Young Misses" offered instruction in French, stating that "a lady, well versed in this language, has arrived from Europe with the intention to give lessons in the same." An extra charge of "five Spanish dollars per annum" was made for French.

In New England the early academies also taught

French, frequently as an incidental study with a special fee attached. The numerous Ohio seminaries of the first half of the nineteenth century, especially those for girls, taught it as an optional study, on a par with music and drawing.

It was some time before French proved its right to a place in the college curriculum. In 1733 the Harvard authorities gave permission to a native Frenchman named Longloisserie to teach the language to such students as desired it, but this privilege was revoked shortly afterwards because of the "dangerous opinions" of the teacher. The subject continued to be taught intermittently until 1780, when it became a regular subject; and in 1782 French had so grown in favor that permission was given to substitute it for freshman and sophomore Hebrew. Although William and Mary College established a professorship of modern languages in 1779-80, Amherst, according to Dr. Handschin, was the first institution in America to introduce a thoroughgoing modern language course.

French as a high-school subject grew rapidly after 1850. In 1886-87 11 per cent. of the students in the public high schools studied the language. The latest figures cited by Dr. Handschin show that over a hundred thousand students in public and private high schools are now taking it. French is little taught in the elementary schools, except where there is a large French population, as in Louisiana.

MYSTERIOUS SKULL.



Shines in the dark. The most frightful ghost ever shown. A more startling effect could not be found. Not only will it afford tremendous amusement, but it is guaranteed to scare away burglars, bill collectors, and book agents. It cannot get out of order and can be used repeatedly. Price, 4x5 inches, 15c.; by mail.

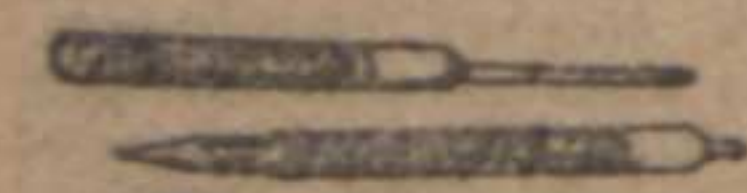
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

JUMPING JACK PENCIL.



This pencil is made up in handsome style and looks so inviting that every one will want to look at it. The natural thing to do is to write with it, and just as soon as your friend tries to write, the entire inside of the pencil flies back like a jumping jack, and "Mr. Nosy" will be frightened stiff. It is one of our best pencil tricks and you will have a hard job trying to keep it. Your friends will try to take it from you. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c. each. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

NEW SURPRISE NOVELTY.



Foxy Grandpa, Mr. Peewee and other comical faces artistically colored, to which is attached a long rubber tube, connected with a rubber ball, which can be filled with water, the rubber ball being carried in the pocket, a slight pressure on the bulb causes a long stream, the result can easily be seen.

Price, 15c.,

Postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

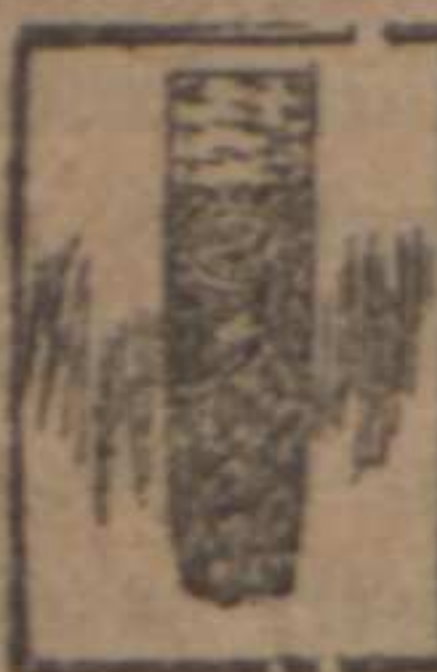
GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickeled brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

IMITATION CIGAR BUTT.



It is made of a composition, exactly resembling a lighted cigar. The white ashes at the end and the imitation of tobacco-leaf being perfect. You can carelessly place it on top of the tablecloth or any other expensive piece of furniture, and await the result. After they see the joke everybody will have a good laugh. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

AUTOMATIC COPYING PENCIL.



The importance of carrying a good reliable pencil need not be dwelt upon here. It is an absolute necessity with us all. The holder of this pencil is beautifully nickeled with grooved box-wood handle, giving a firm grip in writing; the pencil automatically supplies the lead as needed while a box of these long leads are given with each pencil. The writing of this pencil is indelible the same as ink, and thus can be used in writing letters, addressing envelopes, etc. Bills of account or invoices made out with this pencil can be copied the same as if copying ink was used. It is the handiest pencil on the market; you do not require a knife to keep it sharp; it is ever ready, ever safe, and just the thing to carry.

Price of pencil, with box of leads complete, only 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen 90c. postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

TRICK MATCHES.



Consist of a Swedish safety box, filled with matches, which will not light. Just the thing to cure the match borrowing habit. Price, 5c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

POCKET SAVINGS BANK.



A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. Habits formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

TRICK CUP.



Made of natural white wood turned, with two compartments; a round, black ball fits on those compartments; the other is a stationary ball. By a little practice you make the black ball vanish; a great trick novelty and immense seller.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE AUTOPHONE.



A small musical instrument that produces very sweet musical notes by placing it between the lips with the tongue over the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument. The notes produced are not unlike those of the flute and flute. We send full printed instructions whereby anyone can play anything they can hum, whistle or sing, with very little practice. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

MAGIC PIPE.



Made of a regular corn-cob pipe, with rubber figures inside; by blowing through the stem the figure will jump out. Made in following figures: rabbits, donkeys, cats, chickens, etc.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

MAGIC MIRROR.



Fat and lean funny faces. By looking in these mirrors upright your features become narrow and elongated. Look into it sideways and your phiz broadens out in the most comical manner. Size 3 1/4 x 2 1/4 inches, in a handsome imitation morocco case.

Price, 10c. each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE CANADIAN WONDER CARD TRICK.



Astonishing, wonderful, and perplexing! Have you seen them? Any child can work them, and yet, what they do is so amusing that the sharpest people on earth are fooled. We cannot tell you what they do, or others would get next and spoil the fun. Just get a set and read the directions. The results will startle your friends and utterly mystify them. A genuine good thing if you wish to have no end of amusement.

Price by mail, 10c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

PICTURE POSTALS.



They consist of Jungle sets, Map and Seal of States, Good Luck cards, Comics, with witty sayings and funny pictures, cards showing celebrated person's buildings, etc. In fact, there is such a great variety that it is not possible to describe them here. They are beautifully embossed in exquisite colors, some with glazed surfaces, and others in matt. Absolutely the handsomest cards issued.

Price 15c. for 25 cards by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

STAR AND CRESCENT PUZZLE.



The puzzle is to separate the one star from the linked star and crescent without using force. Price by mail, postpaid 10c.; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE INK BLOT JOKER.



Fool Your Friends. —The greatest novelty of the age! Have a joke which makes everybody laugh. More fun than any other novelty that

has been shown in years. Place it on a desk, tablecloth, or any piece of furniture, as shown in the above cut, near some valuable papers, or on fine wearing apparel. Watch the result! Oh, Gee! Price, 15c. each; postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.



—The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black walnut, the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed.

Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SNAKE IN THE CAMERA.



To all appearances this little startler is a nice looking camera. The proper way to use it is to tell your friends you are going to take their pictures. Of course they are tickled, for nearly everybody wants to

pose for a photograph. You arrange them in a group, fuss around a little bit, aim your camera at them, and request the ladies to look pleasant. As soon as they are smiling and trying to appear beautiful, press the spring in your camera. Imagine the yell when a huge snake jumps out into the crowd. Guaranteed to take the swelling out of any one's head at the first shot.

Price 35 cents, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE MAGIC DAGGER.



A wonderful illusion. To all appearances it is an ordinary dagger which you can flourish around in your hand

and suddenly state that you think you have lived long enough and had better commit suicide, at the same time plunging the dagger up to the hilt into your breast or side, or you can pretend to stab a friend or acquaintance. Of course your friend or yourself are not injured in the least, but the deception is perfect and will startle all who see it.

Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE MAGIC CARD BOX.



One of the best and cheapest tricks for giving parlor or stage exhibitions. The trick is performed as follows: You request any two persons in your audience to each select a card from an ordinary pack of cards, you then produce a small handsome box made to imitate pebbled leather, which

anyone may examine as closely as they will. You now ask one of the two who have selected cards to place his or her card inside the box, which being done, the lid is shut, and the box placed on the table. You then state that you will cause the cards to disappear and upon opening the box the card has vanished and the box found empty. The other card is now placed in the box; the lid is again closed and when the box is opened the first card appears as strangely as it went. Other tricks can be performed in various ways. You may cause several cards to disappear after they are placed in the box, and then you can cause them all to appear at once. You may tear a card up, place it in the box, and on lifting the cover it will be found whole and entire. In fact, nearly every trick of appearance and disappearance can be done with the Magic Card Box. Full printed instructions, by which anyone can perform the different tricks, sent with each box.

Price, 20c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1913.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

The Yale baseball team suffered a loss February 3 when Jack Ryan, one of the prominent members of the squad, dislocated and possibly broke his ankle while practising in the baseball cage. Ryan was working under the direction of Quimby and was practising speed between the bases and sliding. His spike caught on one side and all his weight and force fell on his ankle. Ryan was trying for the outfield and probably would have made the team. He was one of the best batters on the squad and has shown particularly well in the early season practice. He played on his freshman team at third and first base, and also in the outfield, and made a reputation as a batter.

Young women of Blakely Borough, Scranton, Pa., whose prospects of remaining in single blessedness are alarming, have banded themselves together to find husbands. There are thirty in the group and they frankly admit their wants. Their proclamation reads as follows: "To the Public—This letter is written with the consent of every girl in Blakely. The Girls' Club of Blakely consists of thirty girls, who are anxious to marry. Their ages range from eighteen to twenty-five years. We are willing to marry any nice men who will make homes for us. We are a very nice class of girls and we will make good wives for the right men."

Oil in sufficient quantities and quality to make the Standard Oil menace in England a negligible quantity has been proved to exist in Nottingham, according to G. Cobbe, a well-known London oil expert. "The quality of the oil is equal to the best American sandstone oil," said Cobbe to the American representative, "and that the Nottinghamshire petroleum is likely to prove prolific is shown by the fact that the field is two and one-half times larger than the most prolific oil bed in the Baku zone in Russia. When the new English area is fully exploited," he added, "the supply of oil will be sufficient to prevent undue fluctuations on oil exchanges as well as to preclude arbitrary forcing up of prices by oil combines."

An importing firm recently received a shipment of tiger skins from Paraguay and the Argentine Republic, and

placed alongside a lot of North American wildcat skins. The difference in color and markings was very noticeable. Both animals are of about the same size, but the South American cat is covered with round black spots much like those of the leopard, but smaller in size. These spots contrast strongly with the surrounding fur, which is of a grayish white color, very different from the reddish color of the North American wildcat. The fur of the South American wildcat is not so thick as that of his North American cousin, but the skins are said to dress well and make good robes and rugs.

Dr. Felix Oswald gave a lecture at Victoria Hall, Atherstone Road, London, on his experiences in Victoria Nyanza. The lecturer has been collecting fossils of the mammoth for the British museum and his photographs showed a shin bone of a dinotherium a yard in length, and also portions of an extinct species of hippopotamus and of a prehistoric giant tortoise. Dr. Oswald spent six months among the natives, who are physically a fine race. Their food consists of a kind of porridge from millet. Except very occasionally they eat no meat, nor do they eat any kind of bread. Their sole amusement is found in dancing, which lasts all day and most of the night. They have for an instrument a kind of harp with eight strings of lizard skins, which to European ears is far from being melodious.

On board with the storm battered Carmania, which docked in New York recently, were two young men who represented themselves as E. Van Camp of a company dealing in a Boston product, and F. E. Washburne of a flour concern. It happened in reality that the pair were Broadway gamblers. But their fellow passengers of sporting inclinations didn't know this the first four days out. As a result "Mr. Van Camp" and "Mr. Washburne" cleaned up a little matter of \$1,500. It all came about after the pair had won \$50 at bridge from two passengers, who refused to give their names. Then, according to other travelers, the bogus Van Camp and Washburne offered to initiate those sportingly inclined to a new game of dice. This game consisted in throwing a single dice five times and totalling the numbers cast, the highest total winning. It looked like a real game, with plenty of action, and "Van Camp" and "Washburne" had no trouble getting customers. When passengers lost a couple of hundred, it never occurred to them anything was wrong, as their opponents were supposed to be members of well-known business firms. It was not until William Bleeker of Cincinnati, an onlooker, quietly grabbed one of the dice being thrown by "Van Camp" and showed that the only numbers on it were fours, fives and sixes, that the passengers tumbled to the game. Just at this psychological moment, Mr. "Van Camp" made a slip and dropped the other dice, which he had been palming until it was time for his victims to throw, and it was discovered that the only numbers on it were aces, deuces and trays. Then the game broke up. Mr. Bleeker refused to demand the arrest of the pair, declaring he had not been a player, and those who had been fleeced preferred to keep their discomfiture to themselves. So Mr. "Van Camp" and Mr. "Washburne" walked nonchalantly ashore.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

MAILED 2,972,370 PARCELS.

In the first month of the parcel post in Manhattan and the Bronx 2,972,370 packages were mailed, according to figures given out recently by Postmaster Edward M. Morgan. Of these 612,162 were mailed at the General Postoffice, 298,046 at the Grand Central Station, 357,879 at the Pennsylvania Station, 26,231 at the Hudson Terminal, and 1,678,061 at the branch stations.

Only 108,333 of these were for delivery in the city, and the number insured was only 59,047. The number of packages delivered during the month was 660,182, of which 565,226 were intrusted on the ordinary letter carriers. The receipts of the Postoffice for January showed a marked increase over those for the same months last year. In January, 1912, the New York Postoffice took in \$2,062,-236.10, and in January, 1913, \$2,526,941.10, an increase of \$464,705.

U. S. ARMY AVIATORS TO BE CLAD IN STEEL MAIL.

The War Department airship of the future must be an armored machine, and the two aviators whom it will carry must be equipped with coats of steel mail.

These are two of the most important specifications of the new type of aeroplanes which General William Allen, chief of the Signal Corps, advises the War Department must be had if the United States is to keep pace with or excel foreign nations.

A armor for engine and the aviators is necessary because all the war aeroplanes of the future will carry rapid-fire guns.

General Allen has just asked Congress for \$1,000,000 for aeroplane equipment for the army. In the meanwhile the War Department experts are experimenting with a material it has invented to make the aeroplanes practically invisible at a distance of 1,000 yards. They will be equipped with radio apparatus, and must be able to ascend 2,000 feet in ten minutes.

PLAN CANAL LAND DEFENCE.

Proposing guards against a land attack upon the rear of the great fortifications to be erected at the terminal of the Panama Canal, as well as to protect the locks and dams and the line of the canal itself from an enemy who might land above or below the protected zone of the seacoast fortifications, a report has just been submitted to General Wood, Chief of Staff, by a special army board back from the isthmus.

The board has prepared an elaborate scheme of land defence, involving the construction of roads for military operations and provision for the rapid movement of the troops of the garrison of the Canal Zone to any threatened point. Details of the project necessarily are withheld, but as soon as the report has been approved by the General Staff orders will be sent to the Canal Zone to begin at once its execution, so that the land defences will be in perfect condition by the time the canal goes into operation.

Lieutenant Colonel John F. Morrison, 21st Infantry, and Lieutenant Colonel Joseph E. Kuhn, corps of engineers, members of the board, served throughout the Russo-Japanese War as military observers.

TO LINK AMERICAS BY RAIL.

The linking of North and South America by rail would promote peace among the different nations of the continents, in the opinion of Andrew Carnegie, expressed at a meeting at Washington, February 4, of the permanent Pan-American Railway Committee, of which he is a member. Reports on the linking of the Americas by rail were read, indicating that progress is being made. Chairman Henry Gassaway Davis, former Senator from West Virginia, presided at the meeting. General George W. Davis and Charles M. Pepper also were present. In Central America only eighteen miles of line remain to be constructed to make practicable a railway journey from New York to Guatemala City. Construction from there is well under way to San Miguel, Salvador. From this point to the Panama Canal, 600 miles away, a number of links have been constructed, and plans for others are well advanced.

In South America, only 175 miles are still to be constructed between Buenos Aires and Lake Titicaca, and the line has been completed from the latter point to Cuzco, Peru, 2,000 miles from Buenos Aires. In Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Peru, and Ecuador progress has been made. The committee will make a full report to the next Pan-American Conference.

PROTECTION FOR PLAYERS.

The National Baseball Commission issued a notice recently to major league clubs putting an interpretation on that part of the national agreement relative to the release of drafted players. It says that when a major league club desires to release a drafted player on whom it has secured interleague waivers it must notify the secretary of the national association, the president of the league from which the player was drafted and the National Commission.

If the player is claimed by the club from which he was drafted, or any other club in the national association, the secretary of that association will notify the club which drafted the player, the league from which he was drafted and the commission within ten days after he has received notice, providing it is after February 5. This is five days after the time national association clubs are permitted to file claims for drafted major league players.

If no national association club claims the player, then the releasing club may do with him what it deems best. A major league club is required to enter into contract with its drafted players.

When a national association club claims the players a check for him must be forthcoming to the national association within five days, and this will be forwarded through the proper channels.

PLUCK AND LUCK

LATEST ISSUES

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771 The Ice Breaker Boys; or, Cutting Their Way to the Pole. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
772 That Boy of Brown's; or, The Wreck of the Denver Mail. By Berton Bertrew.
773 The Rival Automobiles; or, A Race for a Hundred Thousand. By Allyn Draper.
774 Locomotive Lew; or, The Young Prince of the Throttle. By Jas. C. Merritt.

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